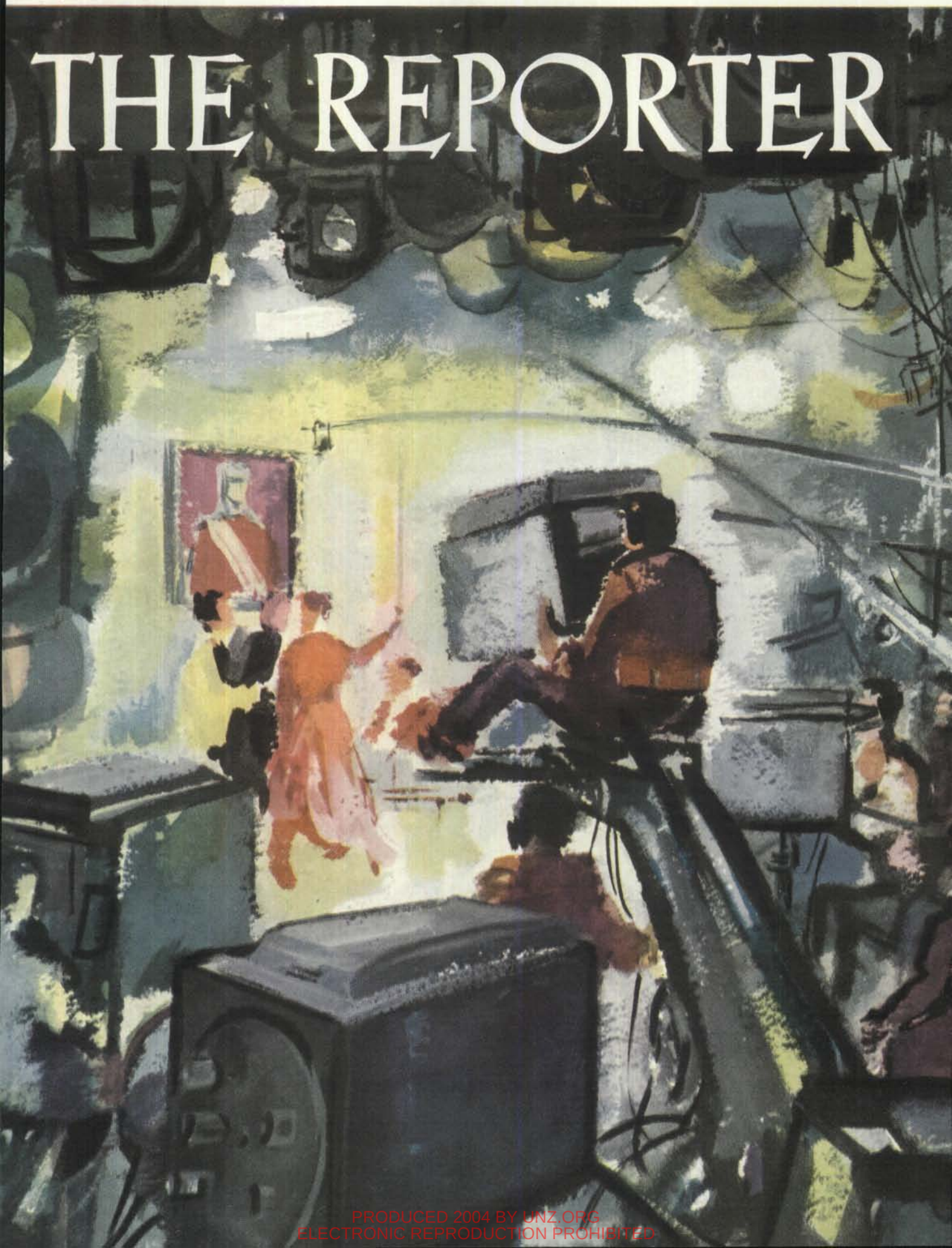
Dean Acheson on Presidential Moralism

May 2, 1957 25¢

THE TV PATTERN: SIGNS OF REVOLT

THE REPORTER



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Committee on Immortality

It may well be that the most exciting controversy of an altogether dull session of Congress will come over the Senators' efforts to select the five greatest of their deceased predecessors. These honored few are to have their portraits hung in the Senate reception room—a Senatorial Hall of Fame. No one seems quite sure how the project got started, except that there was some vacant space on the walls and it sounded like a pretty good idea. Senator John Kennedy, author of the best selling *Profiles in Courage,* was the natural choice for chairman of the selection committee. Democratic conservatism is represented by Richard Russell of Georgia, and Western liberalism by Mike Mansfield of Montana. Serving with them are men of such proven historical judgment as Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and John Bricker of Ohio.

A little foresight should have made it obvious that such an enterprise was destined for trouble. First, how to define Senate "greatness"? Is it simply the quality of courage that Kennedy wrote about so eloquently? But this courage was usually displayed in defying other Senators. In such cases, one Senator's courage is another Senator's pigheadedness. And the Senate chamber is, as we all know, a club. How can the Kennedy committee pass an unbiased judgment on all the men who have been members of that club since it was founded?

It may be possible that the ninety-six contemporary Senators who must pass final judgment on all their predecessors can agree on the qualities of greatness in the distant past. But what of the Senators of more recent times, whose memory—sometimes embittered by rancor—is still fresh? Surely, at least one or two of the five must be chosen from this century, when the challenges confronting the Senate have been so great.

Already there have been signs of difficulties ahead. Senator Carl T. Curtis, Republican of Nebraska, has let it be known that he thinks traditional Senatorial courtesy should be observed in letting a member have a veto over someone from his home state. Reportedly, Curtis would look with high disfavor on the choice of the indomitable George Norris. Senator Paul Douglas, Democrat of Illinois, says he would be upset by the selection of two famous Senators, Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun. Webster, according to Douglas, was great, but he was also venal. Calhoun devoted his enormous talents to "principles hostile to the deepest faith in America."

Kennedy's committee has received all sorts of help from historians, political scientists, and just plain citizens, but it is safe to say that their suggestions have done little to narrow the field.

Mysteriously, when the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress was called on for biographical material, the first batch to arrive was exclusively about Texans. Dispensation of political patronage of which a few dead Senators are the beneficiaries presents inordinate difficulties.

The committee is supposed to report out by May 1, but there is talk of a postponement. As a matter of fact, we wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to scrap the project altogether. Maybe there are five Senators who deserve to be labeled the greatest, but offhand we can't think of any single group fit to do the selecting—least of all the U.S. Senate. If that wall space must be covered, why not have a rotating gallery of portraits—two weeks for each Senator, living or dead?

Operation Stretchout

Now that the British, as the editorial points out, have decided to put most of their defense eggs in the nuclear basket, a question has been raised in the House of Commons that we ourselves have often asked about U.S. military policy: Will there still be sufficient conventional forces—above all, air transport—to deal with brush-fire wars? One British M.P. flatly charged that there are not enough aircraft to transport airborne reserves to a scene of action. This reminded

SPRING SONG

Ling tirra ling, let us sing to the Spring,
The season of generous impulse,
  When the rise of the sap
  Makes a Beck take the rap
To protect finer persons from insults.

Hey sing a song to the righting of wrong,
When gallant Congressional axes
  In a flurry of cuts
  Extract all the guts
Of whatever we pay for in taxes.

Ding a dong ding, to Spring we will sing
And to Ike, the accomplished buck-passer,
  Who, after a lag,
  May return now to Dag
The Canal—and the Strip—and the Nasser.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, May 2, 1957, Volume 16, No. 9. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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us of the last time we looked into how the United States fares on this score ("The Military Lessons of Suez," *The Reporter*, November 29, 1956). Maj. Gen. Earle G. Wheeler was quoted as saying that the lift of one airborne divison would require "practically the whole of the available Air Force transport capability."

The problem was briefly skirted at a recent Presidential press conference when a reporter asked the President what he thought of General Curtis LeMay's statement that the Strategic Air Command was now ready to put out brush-fire wars with nuclear weapons. The President didn't think much of it. SAC would of course go into action wherever it could operate effectively, he said, but "when you get a picture of the great Strategic Air Command charging all over the world for little police troubles, of course, that would be entirely wrong."

This being the case, just who *will* do the job and with *what*? The Pentagon has shown no sign of improving its air transport capabilities. Recently the Air Force canceled production of what was to have been its biggest transport plane, the C-132, and announced that it would get along with smaller aircraft under production and by "extending the life of our present transport fleet."

This is an admirable expression: The life, not the tonnage or the range, of our Air Transport fleet is to be extended. Last decade's good old planes—some kind of aerial jalopies—will do. Perhaps for the first time, we understand what "dynamic conservatism" means.

Envoy Most Extraordinary

Last January, under the title "The American Ambassador," the State Department published for popular consumption a brochure that set out to describe in simple language the vast scope of our envoys' role abroad today. Never before in history had so much been expected of them, it said. "To meet the demands of his assignment, our American ambassador has to be extraordinary in more ways than are implied by his title. His interest, his knowledge, his culture, his humanity must be extraordinarily broad and deep." In fact, so many mental and spiritual qualities were now necessary for the job that "the portrait of 'the ideal diplomat' cannot be painted, but only sketched or suggested."

Casting about for a man who might approximate this ideal picture as envoy to Dublin, the President, following "the serious and earnest recommendation of Secretary Dulles," found his man in the State Department's security chief, R. W. Scott McLeod. Mr. McLeod came into the world of international relations with a peculiar political background. A small-town police reporter who during the war became an FBI agent, he was assigned to New Hampshire, where he became the protégé of that state's senior senator, Styles Bridges. Later he went to Washington as Senator Bridges's administrative assistant, and worked indefatigably for his boss and his boss's friends. Joseph McCarthy, of course, was a friend.

Secretary Dulles took McLeod into the State Department in order to satisfy McCarthy's demands that it be cleaned up, but found that instead of having a Hercules for the Augean stables on his hands, he had hired a wrecker. For McLeod soon expressed contempt for the whole Foreign Service, including Dulles's own men. Information about the private lives of Dulles's staff went straight to McCarthy's vigilantes, and in rapid succession people like Reed Harris, Charles W. Thayer, and John Paton Davies, Jr., were thrown out of the Service. Ambassador Charles Bohlen was a near miss. When McLeod decided that the ax had to fall on Ed Corsi, the decision prevailed. On the other hand, McLeod must be given credit for the perfect definition of the security system: "We are trying to protect the Government from what may occur in the future. Since you can't prove future behavior—future acts are not susceptible to present proof—there is no proof in this system. It is not a judicial system."

The Irish, however, as their press has shown, have a rather vivid memory of what McLeod and his Wisconsin patron stood for over here. Maybe they have noticed in the proposed envoy to their country a lack of judiciousness and of "humanity extraordinarily broad and deep." Perhaps a man like Secretary Dulles, who has shown such a predilection for personal diplomacy conducted from under his own far-traveled hat, and who insists upon descending on any spot whenever it becomes politically crucial or diplomatically worth attention, is hardly a man to care much who his ambassadorial stand-ins may be until such time as he himself arrives at the airport. Or perhaps he thought that after all the Irish would not object to a cop.

Mr. Dulles, unfortunately, seems to have forgotten that Ireland has given us not only policemen but some of our shrewdest and ablest politicians. If there is one place in the world where a political cop should not be sent, it's Ireland. Actually, there is no reason why we should offend any nation with that kind of ambassadorial appointment. The Senate has a wonderful opportunity to make this point clear.

The Uninvited

One of the six hundred "distinguished Virginians" invited to attend a dinner in Richmond was Dr. Clilan B. Powell, publisher of The *Amsterdam News* in Harlem. The dinner is part of the celebration resulting from a long and expensive build-up by history- and tourist-conscious Virginians to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in this country at Jamestown. It turns out that Dr. Powell's invitation was sent "inadvertently," according to a telegram he received from the Virginia Chamber of Commerce, which also asked him to return the invitation.

We hope this doesn't mean that history-conscious Virginia is deliberately planning to overlook an important aspect of its rich heritage. It was at Jamestown, after all, just a few days after the continent's first legislative assembly met there, that a Dutch ship landed twenty Negroes, thus introducing slavery to the New World.

Merely Colossal

A World Trade Fair ought to be a pretty lively show—a sort of mammoth bazaar, full of glitter and promise. But what has been going on at the New York Coliseum recently doesn't answer to this description. Whether it is the effect of the building itself—a triumph of architectural

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negativism—or some deficiency in our nature as hosts, the Fair has no sense of fun or excitement in spite of a few individual exhibits, Japan's in particular, that entice the eye.

Europe does it better. An exposition in France or Italy, however commercially oriented, has a flair and unity that makes a visit an excursion. A Fair like this one should have been a holiday for grownups; at the Coliseum it was little more than an extension of the business day. This was not the fault of the exhibitors, some of whom went to great lengths to give their booths and cubicles dramatic evidence of their country's resources, whether they were the tweeds and whiskies of Ireland or the coffees and spices of Turkey.

Yet the whole thing had the character of a supermarket, not of an exhibition. You felt like running through it, pushed along by the crowd, and were not tempted to stop and take a good look at anything.

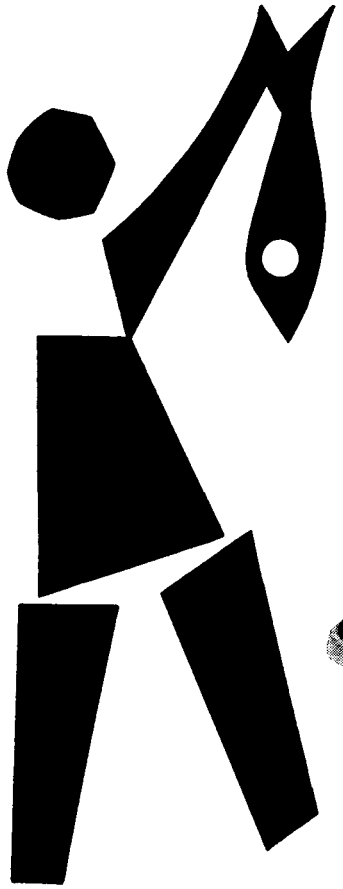
But then, the Coliseum lights are bleak to begin with. And art and music—two potent attractions—have been banished from the premises.

Homage

Our devotion goes out—as whose does not?—to the master musician and voice of free mankind, Pablo Casals, stricken in his eighty-first year, on the eve of the musical festival that he was to conduct in Puerto Rico.

As all the world knows, Casals suspended his public music-making for many years in solemn protest against dictator Franco's destruction of the liberties of his homeland. We think of him also, though, as the young Catalonian who almost half a century earlier imposed on himself a similar long silence until he had fully mastered Bach's six sonatas for 'cello alone—the most demanding works ever written for the instrument.

His sense of responsibility and love for his fellow men has been equalled only by his devotion to his art. He has been as bold against bad playing as he has against bad politics. A generation of master students has grown up keeping in mind his injunction, "*Il faut attaquer la corde.*" Vigor and clarity have been his watchwords—even when using the ultimate weapon of silence.



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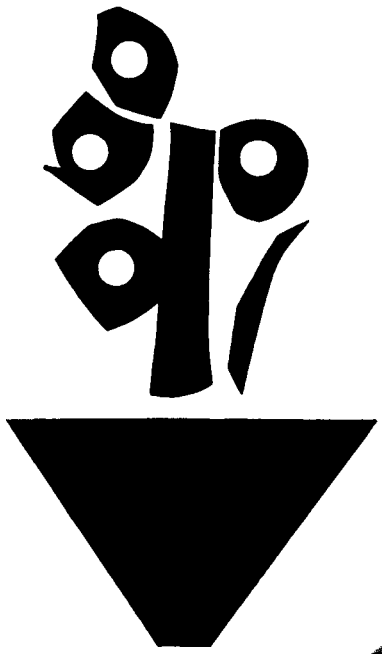

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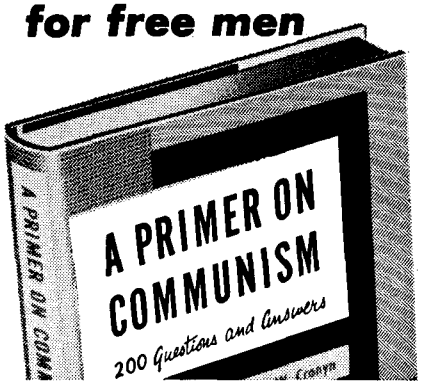

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CORRESPONDENCE

OIL

To the Editor: In the March 21 issue of *The Reporter* you carried two fine stories on the oil industry. One was "The General and the Umbrella," by Douglass Cater, and the second was "Is the Tank Running Low?," by John H. Lichtblau.

I don't have to tell you that writing about the oil industry is a difficult thing indeed; yet your two writers covered the subject in first-class fashion.

We are extremely happy with the reports your two authors made.

H. B. MILLER, Director
Department of Information
American Petroleum Institute
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Cater's story is beautifully written, and I am grateful that he was able to understand so completely the aims and objectives and the methods of procedure in our oil and gas conservation work connected with the Railroad Commission of Texas. His article shows careful research and study, and his writing about what he found is lucid and to the point.

ERNEST O. THOMPSON
Commissioner
Railroad Commission of Texas

To the Editor: I don't know of any writer who can do a better job of summing up a situation than Douglass Cater. Furthermore, I don't know of any writer who has a better knack for conveying to his readers the real flavor of a man's personality.

His article on General Thompson was more than good reading. It was fair and balanced.

I have placed the article in the Congressional Record.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
Senate Democratic Leader
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Your editorial, "As Texas Goes . . . ," contains a number of misleading statements and conclusions.

I do not believe, for example, that there is any basis for the statement that "we are on the way to becoming a have-not nation as far as oil is concerned . . ." Of course, no one knows how much oil remains to be found, but the fact is that we continue to find more each year than is produced.

It is not realistic to compare U.S. reserves with Middle East reserves, and conclude, as many do, that because U.S. reserves are smaller they are inadequate. Many who are awed by the size of Middle East reserves have this tendency, but this is like saying that because most of the water is in the ocean we can't possibly maintain supplies enough to drink.

The Suez incident has made clear that we cannot depend on Middle East oil in time of emergency, regardless of the volume existing there. This leaves no alternative to continued oil development of additional reserves in the United States. We will not run out of oil so long as we do not run out of oil men.

I was glad you recognized General Ernest Thompson as a "solid citizen," and expressed approval of his efforts in the Railroad Commission. Certainly, if it had not been for conservation efforts of the various states, we would not have had two million barrels daily of excess oil producing capacity with which to help our European allies through the Suez crisis.

ROBERT L. WOOD
President
Independent Petroleum Association of America
Washington, D. C.

(In saying that the United States is "on the way to becoming a have-not nation," I certainly did not mean to imply that such a development was imminent; indeed I was only repeating something the industry itself has been saying for a long time. During the last decade or so, independent oil men and major companies alike have lost no opportunity to warn of the increasing difficulties of finding oil here. Nowadays the hazards of locating subterranean oil pools are, according to the industry, greater than ever before; the drill

bit must bite ever deeper into the earth, and even then, over the years, the ratio of dry holes to producing wells mounts.

Practical evidence of these increasing difficulties exists in the sharply rising number of independents venturing abroad in search of new oil sources. They are flocking to Canada, Cuba, and Venezuela. It is not even unusual to encounter Texas oil men in such out-of-the-way places as Pakistan, Turkey, and Africa.

I agree with Mr. Wood that it would be a calamity if we were ever to become overly dependent on foreign oil, but I think our national interests would be best served by striking a reasonable balance between domestic and foreign oil consumption.

—M.A.)

PEOPLE TO PEOPLE

To the Editor: William Harlan Hale's article, "Every Man an Ambassador" (*The Reporter*, March 21), is splendid and I want you to know how much we appreciate this fine reporting.

The article will be most helpful to all

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those who are working on this effort to bring about a better understanding between the peoples of the world.

CHARLES E. WILSON, President
People to People Foundation, Inc.
New York

TORONTO'S 'METRO'

To the Editor: I read with interest the article "Toronto Shows the Way," by Robert Bendiner, in the April 4 issue of *The Reporter*. It certainly is a frank and penetrating discussion of the Metropolitan system, and of the strides that this area has made since Mr. Bendiner's first visit.

I feel that this article will appeal to all interested in metropolitan problems, not only in Toronto but in all large cities.

F. JOSEPH CORNISH, Q.C.
Controller
Board of Control
City of Toronto

To the Editor: Referring to rocketing property values in "Metro" Toronto, Robert Bendiner mentions the Jarvis Street headquarters of the "Canadian Commonwealth Federation." From the context it is evident that the organization referred to should be the "Co-operative Commonwealth Federation." Better known as the "CCF," Canada's democratic-socialist party (similar in many ways to the British Labour Party) was formed in 1932 as a federation of labor, farmer, and socialist groups to build in Canada a "co-operative commonwealth."

DONALD W. BRYANT
Scarborough, Ontario

To the Editor: I would like to compliment Robert Bendiner on his very interesting and comprehensive statement with respect to our Metropolitan experiment. It is a surprise to me that a writer can in a few days get the pulse of what is a pretty complicated activity.

FREDERICK G. GARDINER, Q.C.
Chairman of the Council
Municipality of
Metropolitan Toronto

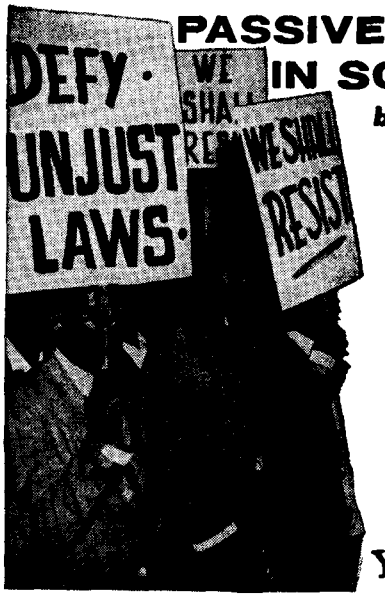
A MIDDLE EAST BANK

To the Editor: In setting forth his plan for a Middle East Development Bank (*The Reporter*, April 4), Harlan Cleveland has presented the Middle East problem with such perspective clarity, understanding, and statesmanship that it cannot help but focus constructive attention on the proposed solution.

Apparently all that is lacking is the human will-to-do on the part of those who would benefit most from the doing.

Any politician can see the primary consequences of an action or policy. Statesmanship involves seeing ahead to what will happen after we take the first step. It is good to learn that there are some in the Arab world beginning to make the statesmanlike gesture and that there are some who are willing to give them attention, but until a man like Mr. Cleveland states the case as persuasively as has been done in this article neither politician nor statesman can see anything but eight-balls on his mental horizon when he looks toward Cairo and Jerusalem.

ERNEST R. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary
Meals for Millions Foundation, Inc.
Los Angeles



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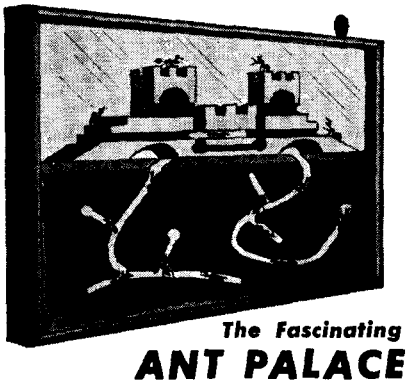

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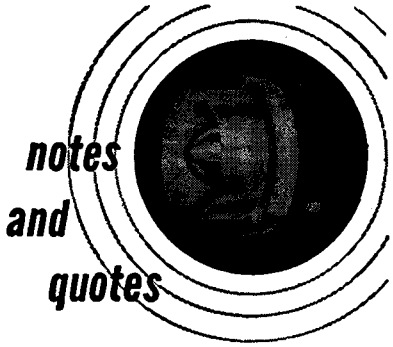

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PART I

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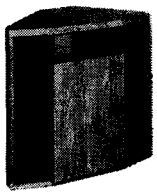

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE Franco-British intervention in Suez caused a furor both here and in Britain. The British White Paper has had what theater critics might call good notices. Yet as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, Britain's unilateral armament reduction, and the principle this implicitly establishes—that every nation should have, if not massive, at least appreciable atomic deterrents—may well prove to be the first step on the road to widespread atomic armament. That is a road on which every nation, trusting in the holy doctrine of sovereignty, moves toward ultimate total disaster. For this, we hasten to add, the major responsibility does *not* fall on Britain. For too long that proud nation has carried a burden of armament and commitments well beyond its resources. And since our own country has given the example of unilateral diplomatic action, Britons cannot be blamed for following suit.

An analysis of our government's foreign policy, and indeed of our President, is presented here by a man whose qualifications for making it are, to say the least, unusual: **Dean Acheson.** His is not a plea for amoralism, but rather for that clear thinking and deliberate action without which no morality can exist.

It is somewhat reassuring to know that while our government is forfeiting to such a large extent its leadership in the Alliance, the six nations which compose "Little Europe" have decided to join forces and reach a measure of unity. **Claire Sterling,** our European correspondent, shows that it will not be easy to reach the goal they seek. Yet Russia's hostility and the unpredictable nature of American foreign policy, together with Europe's will to survive, may do the trick.

Marya Mannes tells us that there are rumblings of revolt in the TV world, and that they come both from the producers and from the consumers. In spite of its youth, TV already suffers from some of the maladies that Robert Ardrey found in the motion-picture business—and described in recent *Reporter* articles. Miss Mannes's views, as she herself frankly puts it, are those of an egghead. **Andy Lewis** brings a welcome element of professionalism to the TV discussion. Mr. Lewis, who has written for both live and film TV, is well equipped to discuss the matter.

Security investigations may be necessary in the case of government employees, but they certainly are far more difficult to justify when they are extended to people working in private industry. A case in point is discussed by **Benjamin D. Segal** and **Joyce L. Kornbluh.** Mr. Segal is president of Workers Education Local 189, American Federation of Teachers, and a longtime specialist in workers' education; Mrs. Kornbluh was formerly with the Education Department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. **Arthur Bonner,** CBS correspondent in India, shows how the Communists won their victory in Kerala. The worst of it is that they came to power via the democratic ballot, and that it will prove rather difficult to get them out of power by the same method.

The leaders of the new sovereign nation of Ghana were provided with their political education by the British government. We wish Ghana happiness and prosperity—even when no more "Prison Graduates" are available. **John Somerville,** a British free-lance writer, gives a first-hand report.

Jay Jacobs is a *Reporter* artist who also writes. **David Halberstam,** a frequent contributor, traveled from Atlanta to Nashville with the musicians he tells about. **Sander Vanocur** is on the staff of the New York *Times.* **Noel Mostert,** born and educated in South Africa, is now New York correspondent for the Montreal *Daily Star.* **Daniel Aaron** teaches in the Department of English at Smith College. **John Kenneth Galbraith** is the author of *The Great Crash, 1929.*

Our cover is by **Tack Shigaki.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Private Roads to Hell

THE NEW British White Paper is the ultimate, irrefutable evidence of a fact that partisan controversies here at home had rendered somewhat opaque: Our nation sets the pace for the Alliance. What our leaders do with our nation's power lays down the laws that the Allied nations ultimately adopt, in their own time and in their own way. For, in this respect at least, ours is truly a coalition of free peoples. Knowingly or unknowingly, we elicit from the Allied nations a more or less spontaneous imitation of our way of conducting foreign and military affairs. We have equal partners, not satellites, and the equality of our partners is proved by their mimetic response to our example.

The British have now, as the President himself has benignly acknowledged, got around to adopting our New Look. Many of us may have forgotten the time when the Eisenhower Administration, not yet suffering from a split personality, stood united for slashing the budget, defense expenditures included, and bragged about "more bang for a buck." The British now, we are told, find allurement in the prospect of getting "more punch for the pound." They have waked up to the need for slashing their own budget and, considering the burden they have been carrying, they could not have a stronger case. They have adopted the notion that competition with the Communist bloc demands a "long pull." The trick for the "long pull" is, presumably, to be ready for the worst, and to take it easy. As Britain is, so far, the only nation among our Allies to possess atomic weapons, it has now decided to put its major reliance on a strategy if not of massive, at least of "appreciable" retaliation.

In this White Paper there is a diligent condensation of all the most cogent arguments advanced by our Administration's leaders to justify our New Look military posture, plus a quality of remorseless logic and tragic realism made unchallengeable by a proposition which, though unexpressed, underlies the whole document: What else can we do?

Never, perhaps, has the madness of atomic armaments been reasoned so tightly. Britain accepts a savage reduction of its army and navy; it also accepts —this proud nation—to "me-too" the strategic policies of the Eisenhower Administration. But unlike the pronouncements of our leaders on matters of life and death, it neglects to mention that man is made in the image of God. Indeed, it holds little hope for those images of God that are the Britons. This dry, clean document firmly states: "It must be frankly recognized that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons."

True, no nation enjoys the protection that Britain acknowledges it doesn't have. Yet out of this acknowledged fact comes the temptation for several other Allied countries to "me-too" Britain. But who can blame the nations that want to be possessors and users, rather than depositories and targets, of atomic weapons? This is eminently the case with Germany, which is not likely to be reassured by the statement in the White Paper that whatever is left of the Royal Air Force on German soil will be provided with atomic bombs. To enjoy a measure of safety, no matter how precarious, Britain "must possess an appreciable element of nuclear deterrent power of her own." *Of her own:* Here is the rub. Why Britain alone?

All or Nothing

There was a time, not long ago, when sensible people could still talk about "balance of terror" and limited or conventional wars. Once the two great powers, the United States and Russia, possessed the means to obliterate each other, whatever conflicts arose between minor nations not too close to the two big ones could be the object of diplomatic disputes or military action. This was the case with the Communist aggression on Greece that was called the Greek Civil War, and this was the case with the Communist aggression on South Korea. In one instance American military assistance and in the other fighting American soldiers succeeded in re-establishing the status quo.

The Republican Administration, from the day it came to power, made it clear that limited wars were not to its liking. It was for everything or nothing: absolute war or absolute peace. In putting its major strategic reliance on the weapons and the carriers of absolute

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war, it showed a singularly narrow and negative concept of peace. Peace was the absence of shooting war, and any kind of shooting war was to be prevented or halted, even at the cost of intervening with atomic weapons. Indeed, two or three times—as at Dienbienphu—the Administration flirted with the idea of converting a conventional war into an atomic war. Each time, it is reported, the President's abhorrence of war prevailed.

In the Middle Eastern crisis the Administration found the ideal chance to carry its singular concept of peace to its ultimate conclusion, by entrusting peace enforcement to a static and powerless supranational organization. The price it had to pay, of course, was to join forces with Soviet Russia. It also had occasion to show its righteousness by curbing friendly nations. Having thus established the principle that, irrespective of grievances, recourse to force is inadmissible, the Administration could rely on the U.N. as the institution dedicated to the prevention of all wars except those fought with ultimate weapons. This principle was applied with unrelieved vigor against God-fearing nations. Godless Soviet Russia had no trouble in conducting, to a successful conclusion, its limited, very conventional war against the people of Hungary.

EVENTS HAVE been moving at a torrential speed since Suez, and no one can even begin to realize their cumulative impact. But some things can be seen already: how irreparable, for instance, has been the blow our country has inflicted on the Alliance. Had it not been for Suez, Britain would probably not have plunged so radically into its new course. Yet it is a near miracle that Britain took so long to follow the example we had set. Four years after we adopted the New Look, Britain acknowledged that its burden of armaments and of commitments was unendurable. Britain, and not Britain alone, had waited for the Atlantic Alliance to grow into a commonwealth. But no committee of "Wise Men," above all no American leader, would ever say how the economic, diplomatic, and strategic structures of the Allied nations could be harmonized.

At long last Britain has recognized its new condition—with a vengeance. The latest Allied proposal before the U.N. Disarmament Subcommittee reduces the British as well as the French armed forces to 750,000. Now the White Paper tells us that by 1962 there will be only 375,000 Britons under arms. This unilateralism seems to leave our President serene. He says that Britain's decision has been for a long time the subject of discussion among the NATO nations, which makes it rather strange that General Norstad, according to authoritative reports, was disturbed, to say the least, by the White Paper—unless it may be that NATO commanders, past and present, know little about what happens inside NATO.

But no American statesman—not even Secretary Dulles—could muster the courage to criticize the British for their new venture into unilateralism. From the announcement of the massive retaliation policy to the withdrawal of the offer to Nasser for the Aswan Dam, our country has acted as a lone wolf. Admittedly, it has never denounced its broad international commitments. Neither has Britain. The global scope of our foreign policy has never been disclaimed, but our leaders have been practicing an isolated, if not isolationist, kind of globalism. So does Britain.

Peace Is Wonderful

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the White Paper is the relative calm with which it has been received both here and in Britain. In the name of economy anything seems to be, by definition, praiseworthy; and if the words disarmament and peace are added, everything becomes irreproachable. In the major Allied nations it is quite different, for the temptation there is strong to follow the British example. This means to go the G.O.P. way, early '53 style. But, again and again, where is the Republican leader who can cast the first stone at our Allies or, for that matter, who can bring himself to admit that precious little has been left of the Alliance?

An argument frequently advanced by people commenting on the White Paper is that the greater the likelihood of all wars being fought with nuclear weapons, the more promising are the prospects of atomic disarmament. It is difficult to figure out how sensible people can indulge in this kind of unreason. Yet many do—just as there are many who find relief from their fear of ultimate disaster in the apparently well-founded news about the current troubles in the Kremlin. *Their* alliance, it is said, is in about as much of a mess as ours, and their leaders probably not much more capable. Apparently reliance on the "balance of terror" is being replaced by trust in the "balance of messiness."

FORTUNATELY, the hope free men may still have for the future of the Alliance and of civilization can be brightened by something that happened just a few days ago, more significant perhaps than the British White Paper. It happened in Germany, the nation that so many of us, for so long, have considered hopelessly wayward. The leading German atomic scientists have solemnly proclaimed that they want no part in this nuclear rearmament business. Chancellor Adenauer talked to their spokesman: He did not try to disgrace them; he did not even tell them that their lack of "enthusiastic support" made them poor security risks. Thus, both the scientists and Adenauer have immeasurably enhanced the prestige of their country. Is it too much to ask that sometime even the leaders of our government may prove to be as wise as the Chancellor of the German Republic?

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Foreign Policy And Presidential Moralism

DEAN ACHESON

THE WORD "ideology" connotes the highly abstract and theoretical. It even suggests something un-American, or, at any rate, a long way removed from the actual conduct of our relations with foreign countries. And so it would be, if the ideology involved were not that of the President of the United States, who under our Constitution is charged with the conduct of those relations.

LET US take recent events in the Middle East as a case in point. One of the most important, but little noticed, developments of the years following the Second World War was the rapid growth and the extent of European dependence upon Middle Eastern oil as a source of energy, the essential factor in an industrial society. Under the circumstances this was a necessary dependence because there was no other practicable source for a quick expansion of the fuel supply.

But it was a dangerous dependence. The Middle East is an isthmus connecting Eurasia with Africa and leading in both directions. Through it runs the shortest water route between Europe, South Asia, and the Far East. It has long been a crossroads of power and the object of very lively Russian interest. Then, too, it is a seething caldron of unrest generated by the great Asian-African revolution against foreign control. Here are found standards of living as low as any in the world, and xenophobia which any spark can set aflame. Into this highly volatile area was introduced, under British and American auspices, Jewish immigration and the State of Israel. That did not make it a more propitious spot for nature to have placed the great resources of fossil fuel upon which Europe must, over a period of time, depend.

There is, however, one alleviating circumstance. While Europe is dependent on Middle Eastern oil, the oil-producing countries of the Middle East are dependent on European markets, by far their largest paying customers. Unhappily, this latter dependence is not fully realized by the peoples of these countries and their rulers. One can easily see that any drastic change in the relative bar-

gaining power between the Middle East and Europe would have far-reaching results.

Errors Compounded

Into this situation strode Colonel Nasser. Whether or not the humiliating withdrawal of the Aswan Dam offer precipitated his action, the Suez Canal must have offered him irresistible temptation. Egypt is, and for centuries has been, desperately poor. Its population grows at breath-taking speed. To preserve the arable land means a constant struggle with the encroaching desert. No oil or mineral resources have yet been found. Through this land of poverty Nasser saw the riches of the Middle East sail on their way to Europe. To control this artery would give him control over the lifeblood of Europe, the power to raise the economic and political price of oil—and to get his cut.

While Colonel Nasser was in a state of "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" his mind must have turned also to the constant assurances of this Administration to the Arab states that it would not follow what it regarded as its predecessor's attitude of partiality toward Israel. Whatever these assurances were intended to mean, what they conveyed was the conviction that the Arab states would have a much freer hand with Israel, particularly since they could count on Russian support for any action that threatened the western position.

However these considerations weighed with Colonel Nasser, in July, 1956, he seized control of the canal. He must have had some anxious moments, but they were soon relieved. Even before the committee of canal-using states met with Colonel Nasser to negotiate a régime of control, President Eisenhower had announced that force could not be used in dislodging Egypt from control. Colonel Nasser relaxed and dug in. Then followed a series of withdrawals by the United States from positions that our Allies believed they had been induced to accept as last stands. They became convinced that our government either did not understand the vital importance of their interests in the region or, understanding, found it necessary to sacrifice their interests for others that we were pursuing. They concluded that they must act to protect themselves.

AT THE end of October Israel struck. In a few days Colonel Nasser's military position and his prestige were shattered. Within twenty-four hours Britain and France, keeping their intentions secret from us, issued

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their ultimatum, and then wasted nearly a week in bombing airfields.

Their action was a grave mistake.

¶ The Egyptian Army's confidence in Nasser was already shaken. The Anglo-French intervention was thus not only unnecessary to discredit Nasser, but in fact saved him.

¶ The intervention was ill planned. Only a paratroop drop could hope to take the canal intact. Instead, the Egyptians used the five days of warning to block it. The intervention was weakly mounted, irresolutely pressed, and abandoned at the point that produced maximum abuse for the attempt and disdain for its failure.

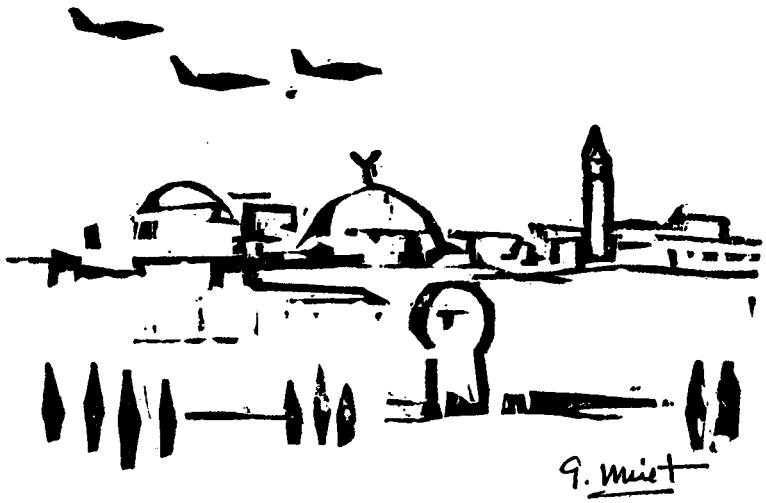
¶ The failure to consult the U.S. government, though understandable, was a fatal error. However unlikely it may have appeared that the United States and the Soviet Union would vote together against Britain and France, those countries should have realized that it was possible. When it came they were not prepared to stand up against it. Their action and ours brought near the breaking point an alliance that had been under strain for a number of years. But whatever may be said against the course taken by this government, the British and French are not the ones to say it: The U.S. government acted just as they might have expected it to act. When their attempt to present us with a *fait accompli* failed, they were in no position to complain.

But the fact remains that the sum total of all actions brought western power and prestige in the Middle East to a low ebb. Passing popularity gained by doing what Middle Eastern countries shrilly demanded should not be confused with respect and prestige.

A Right to Punish

Our government appears to have acted on a principle that Thucydides reports the Corinthian ambassadors urged upon the Athenian Assembly in justification of Corinth's expedition against Corcyra. "Every power," they said, "has a right to punish its own allies."

Our government then went on to demand and obtain, through the United Nations, the termination of the Israeli, British, and French expeditions, the withdrawal of their



forces, the reoccupation by Egypt of its bases for blockade and attack, the restoration of the canal free of cost to Egypt, and its return—all without any conditions upon or undertakings by Egypt. Colonel Nasser, defeated, humiliated, and ripe for oblivion, was given a victory unprecedented and complete.

No Ambitions or Desires

So much for a recital of events and our government's participation in them. Let us ask now whether there were and are American interests involved here and how they fared.

President Eisenhower told us on February 20 that "the United States has no selfish ambitions or desires in this region." I fear we must disagree. We have many. But perhaps our greatest interest and desire is that the Middle East shall remain in the political and economic system of a free world and shall not be engulfed by the closed Soviet-Communist system. We desire, too, that it remain in such relationship with the rest of the free world that the fuel and sea routes essential to that world shall not be ruinously expensive, uncertain, or hazardous. Should this not be done, Europe might have to make such terms as it could. These might well be most unfavorable to the interests of the United States.

To safeguard this American position does not raise primarily a military question. True, relative military power lies in the background of most problems. But the danger here is not one of military conquest. The danger is that turmoil, hatred of the West encouraged wherever possible by Soviet agents, and unstable leaders attempting to gain position by wringing from Europe more than it can safely give may bring ruin upon all.

The first step in going at this problem must clearly be to increase our bargaining power with the Middle Eastern countries, and the first step in doing this is bringing to them a realization of the mutuality of dependence to which we have referred. Means lie ready at hand for doing this.

Temporarily the United States could provide Western Hemisphere oil and the dollars to pay for it: This could bring much illumination to oil producers in the Persian Gulf. The canal might have been left blocked by Nasser's ships: This could have given canal users like India a refreshing sense of realism. We might still start on freeing Europe from so much dependence on the canal by pipelines through non-Arab countries and by vigorous construction of large tankers. We might much more energetically hasten the day when nuclear energy could replace a substantial portion of petroleum energy, if only on a standby basis.

There are other courses of action that might induce a more understanding and reasonable attitude in Colonel Nasser—courses of action which recall Winston Churchill's admonition to the French, quoted from Thiers: "Think of it always; speak of it never."

When by our own efforts our bargaining position had been improved, a broad and imaginative economic program for the area as a whole would both be and appear to be the generous act of one in a strong posi-

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tion, rather than an act of appeasement from weakness.

But no such course as this has been taken; and since it has been so widely urged both in Congress and the press, one is justified in asking why not.

An answer, I suppose, is that it would cost something. Not as much, to be sure, as not doing it is likely to cost in the very near future. But in any Administration where the primacy of fiscal considerations is

not doubted, maintenance deferred looks like money saved. However, I am inclined to think that this is not the basic reason.

The President's Ideology

Deeper than cost is the fact that the policy suggested lies quite outside the ideological system that seems to dominate the President's mind. Mr. Eisenhower has given us a good insight into his processes of thought by his utterances during and after the two campaigns.

In the military field one is concerned with the specific. The ultimate purposes of war are for others to concern themselves with. The soldier deals with methods, means, finite quantities, and forces. Politics involves less measurable objectives and operations. The ground under the politician's feet is boggy and unfirm.

Mr. Eisenhower at the outset of his political career sought for and found a satisfyingly firm stance in what he has continually referred to as "moral and spiritual values." These values are not more specifically defined than "Honesty, decency, fairness, service—all that sort of thing." But his attitude toward them is "deeply felt." The heart of the matter is expressed in terms of *feeling* rather than *thought*. He feels deeply about principles and values the content of which is vague.

For this reason his actions become "crusades" or "missions." The title of his book is *Crusade in Europe*. General Grant would have thought it odd to entitle his volume on the war in the West *Crusade on the Mississippi*. The Republican Party under Mr. Eisenhower's leadership is engaged in a continual "crusade." Whatever his followers may think of the terminology, it gives them a desirable latitude in dealing with the infidels. In this misty area of moral and spiritual values certain shadowy outlines dimly emerge and melt into one another. Some of them can be identified and described.

Premium on Sin

An ebullient optimism gives expression to a boundless confidence in what Mr. Eisenhower has called man's "God-given ability to be master of his own destiny." This is quite different from W. E. Henley's "Invictus"—"My head is bloody, but unbowed. . . . I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul." That is defiance of *Götterdämmerung*. Mr. Eisenhower is Chanticleer causing the sun to rise. "Remember your own power," he told an audience, "and be not dismayed, because you can do anything."

Since the values he stresses are moral and spiritual values, the power he refers to is moral power. The only source of moral power is moral rightness, and moral power is the dominant power. Pascal, who was not a cynic, would have thought this view simpler and clearer than truth itself. It was he who said: "Justice without power is impotent; power without justice is tyranny."

This belief in the supremacy and sole validity of moral power is reinforced by the profoundly pacifist conclusions that President Eisenhower has drawn from the development of Russian capacity for nuclear warfare. Since the consequences of nuclear warfare might well be catastrophic beyond imagination, it is an easy step to the conclusion that all force is immoral and that its use can only be justified to meet a greater immorality—somebody else's use of force against one's own country. Now it would be quite a valid conclusion that the deterrence of nuclear warfare is one of the highest objectives of policy. But we must never forget that between an opponent who is prepared to use force to gain his end and one who is not prepared to use force to defend his interests—the former is usually the winner.

But, as has been said, under the President's moral philosophy force is immoral. Except when employed by others against oneself force must be opposed only by moral and political pressure. This means that it can only be effectively opposed when it is employed outside the Communist empire and by our own Allies. Soviet force used in Hungary, Indian force used in Kashmir, or Egyptian force used to conduct raids into Israel and to deny it use of the canal or the Gulf of Aqaba cannot, within the President's limitations, be *effectively* opposed because the users are immune to our moral and political pressure. But force used by our Allies, who are vulnerable to our opinion and political pressure, must yield to our moral onslaught.

Not only does the President's code demand that our Allies be made to desist from their use of force, but they must be chastened and purified of evil by being deprived of all fruits of their sin, even such security from attack or blockade as they may have obtained for themselves. All this must be destroyed as were the golden calf and the priests of Baal. Otherwise, said the President, we shall "have destroyed our best hope of establishing a world order."

If it confuses the reader that while the President is seeking to establish this moral world order, his chief lieutenant in that enterprise speaks of "the ability to get

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to the verge without getting into the war" as "the necessary art," let him not be dismayed. The bewilderment is widespread. Perhaps the explanation is that moral values and artistic values are not opposed but simply do not meet.

Hallowing the U.N.

Along with this belief in moral power goes, in the President's system, a belief that earthly revelation of moral rightness is to be found in mankind in the mass. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* This is a sort of Rousseauesque notion that virtue exists in the state of nature and fades with sophistication. Since mankind in the mass is inarticulate, the conscience of mankind is embodied in the United Nations, which from time to time formulates and announces the "moral law." Here enter two new and confusing conceptions.

The first is that the men who gather in New York and who, when they left home, represented governments (and some pretty dubious ones) are transmuted en route and, on passing the portals of the glass skyscraper, embody the conscience of mankind—the conscience, for instance, of Russians, Hungarians, and Chinese. It would perhaps surprise Trujillo or Tito to know that they represent the conscience of Dominicans or Yugoslavs. Mr. Menon appears to speak with the voice of conscience on Israel, but not on Hungary or Kashmir. And Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., when he hints at sanctions, contrary to the joint and solid position of both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate, is presumably the true voice of the conscience of his fellow countrymen, rather than the Senators.

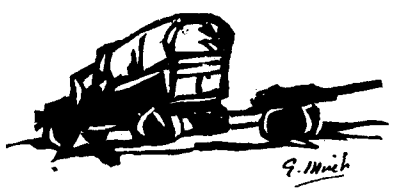
But perhaps what we should be seeking here is not a dubious dowsing rod to find the springs of conscience but an instrument for diplomacy. "I do not regard," a most gifted contemporary has said, "the function of government as a proper field for the glorification of God." Religion is a private matter. At least the Constitution of the United States says so.

As an instrument for diplomacy the United Nations leaves a good deal to be desired. When the gold wrapping paper is taken off it, someone has said, it turns out to be a do-it-yourself set with some defective parts. Arthur Vandenberg called the Assembly "the Town Meeting of the World." Like a town meeting, it is a better place for airing complaints than for getting things done. And the Security Council, designed on the assumption of great-power unity, is rendered impotent by the cold war. Whether or not the Uniting for Peace Resolution of 1950 produced more problems than it solved, its authors fully understood that it was not a generator of policy but, at most, an instrument for its execution—and an instrument that could only be used for purposes appropriate to it.

With its present membership of eighty-one and the two-thirds rule, the General Assembly is like a Democratic Convention in the days of unit voting and the two-thirds rule. One-third of eighty-one is twenty-seven. There are twenty-eight Arab-Asian-African countries, exclusive of Israel, and ten Communist countries. Hardly the instrument to negotiate a new *status quo* in the Middle East, in which the interests of seventeen European countries and Israel are at stake.

Yet this is what is being attempted.

THE SECOND confusing conception in the President's view of the United Nations is that its Charter



and pronouncements give us the "moral law." There is always a tendency for moralism to merge into legalism, for the form and words to become the substance. Jesus continually pointed this out. On one occasion he rebuked the legalism of the scribes, saying, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."

The Charter becomes for Mr. Eisenhower a sacred text, whose sentences not only point but compel the way to moral rightness and the moral law. If Israel asks guarantees against attack for withdrawing her protective screen of troops, he answers, "I do not myself see how this could be reconciled with the Charter of the United Nations." Man was, as the scribes would have put it, made for the Charter or the Sabbath, as the case may be, for both are sacred.

'Phony Law, Fuzzy Morals'

Now it is characteristic of those who have had the good fortune to escape the study and practice of law that to them the law is—or seems to be—both simple and clear. It would not occur to them, for instance, that the plain and simple words of the Sherman Anti-Trust law do not apply to professional baseball because it is a sport and not a business, but do apply to professional football and boxing because they are both sports and businesses. A lawyer knows only too well what Longfellow meant when he wrote, "And things are not what they seem."

Mr. Eisenhower reasons that "The basic pledge of all the members of the United Nations is that they will settle their international disputes by peaceful means and will not use force against the territorial integrity of another state." Therefore, he concludes, Israel cannot be given guarantees against continued future incursions because by doing so "We will, in effect, have countenanced the use of force as a means of settling international differences. . . ."

"Two wrongs," the President admonishes us, "do not make a right." Now it is quite true that the provision against the use or threat of force is in the treaty—for that is what the Charter is—but it clearly applies both ways, to Egypt as well as to Israel. Furthermore, equally basic in the Charter is the recognition, in Article 51, of the inherent right of self-defense, a right recognized in all law.

Assuredly in our own courts if a plaintiff should ask for an injunction against a continuing trespass, which he had provoked by his own preceding trespasses, he would find that he as well as the defendant would be enjoined. For among the famous maxims of equity are these: He who seeks equity must do equity;

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he who comes into equity must come with clean hands; equality is equity.

Depth of feeling may be useful in the field of morals, but it is an untrustworthy substitute for clarity of thought in that of law—and even, I suggest, in that hybrid product referred to as the moral law. If we are going to talk law, let us talk good law.

I DO NOT believe that the purpose of American policy is to carry out a "crusade" or "mission" to bring about equal justice or to "vindicate" international law. Its purpose is to protect and further the deepest and most vital interests of the United States and those states which are working toward the same end of safeguarding our common civilization. If this should require unequal treatment of other nations or the inability to satisfy the demands, even reasonable demands, of some one or more, that would be quite understandable and acceptable to me. But when I am told that we are forced to do this, where it is against our interest to do so, by a combination of phony law and fuzzy morals, I vigorously disagree.

The purpose of going into this ideological maze of moralistic legalism is not the quite unnecessary one of showing that it is bewildering, but to point out that it is tragically irrelevant to our real purposes, and both obscures them and defeats their attainment. It induces a state of mind which leads our government to say—and even worse, perhaps to think—that the United States has no ambitions and desires in the Middle East. We do have desires. We do have interests—vitally important ones. And the idea that we are engaged on a crusade or mission to vindicate a vaguely and erroneously conceived "moral law" has led to actions which, I fear, are quite contrary to our interests.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever" is a maxim that, perhaps unhappily, is obsolescent even in the education of young ladies. But in so far as the foreign policy of the United States is concerned, one does not have to abate one's enthusiasm for virtue to believe in the first rule of a well-known sport: Keep your head down and your eye on the ball.

'Little Europe' Is Growing Up

CLAIRE STERLING

"If Europe were once united . . . there would be no limit to the happiness, the prosperity, and the glory which its three hundred to four hundred million people would enjoy. . . . I say to you: let Europe arise!"—Winston Churchill, Zürich, September 20, 1946.

THE SIX countries of "Little Europe"—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg—have now agreed, subject to the approval of their respective parliaments, to unite their separate economies and also to pool their resources for the development of nuclear energy. This was done in Rome on March 25, when both the Common Market and Euratom Treaties were signed. The six had already taken a big step toward European unity in 1952, when they set up a common market for coal and steel.

The Coal and Steel Community is a genuinely supranational body with limited sovereign powers—the first and only one on the Continent. Although the two recent treaties are much more respectful of national sovereignty, they do represent the beginning of an intra-European economic order designed to replace competitive chaos. Perhaps either a Hitler or, as some generous minds hoped for a long time, a revolutionary constituent assembly could have imposed economic unity in Europe; but revolutions mapped out by well-intentioned dreamers are rather unlikely to occur, and no one wants Hitler's solution. Unity is now being sought through mutual agreement.

Of course the road on which the six powers have set forth is rocky and long. But the Coal and Steel Community has already proved how rewarding that road can be.

The Essentials: Coal and Steel

"Little Europe" covers an area of 449,000 square miles. It has a population of 162,000,000, roughly equal to that of the United States and about a fifth less than that of the Soviet Union. Its gross national product runs to $108 billion a year. Its volume of foreign trade is $37.5 billion a year, which is more than half a billion dollars larger than ours. It accounts for a fifth of the world's industrial production, almost a sixth of the world's hard coal, and nearly a fifth of the world's crude steel. Despite its celebrated coal deposits, it is poor compared to the United States in sources of energy—coal, oil, and hyroelectric power. But in most other ways it is capable of becoming just as prosperous as the United States—when and if its internal barriers go down.

Although France has done more than any member of "Little Europe" to keep these barriers up over the years, it was former French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman who made the first move to knock them over. The Schuman Plan led to the Coal and Steel Community.

Concentrated in the small triangle running not more than 250 miles each way from the German Ruhr across Belgium to northern France and down through Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg to the Saar, are nine-tenths of "Little Europe's" coal and three-quarters of its steel. No single country controls enough of both to be self-sufficient. Germany must import half its iron ore. France, with a surplus of iron ore in Lorraine, must import a third of its coal and half its coke from the Ruhr. Belgium and Luxembourg export two-thirds of their steel but need iron ore from Lorraine and coke from the Ruhr. Each nation—France and Germany most notably—has made strenuous efforts in the past to get at its neighbors' supplies and hoard its own. All, therefore, have resorted to tariff barriers, sales cartels, licenses, subsidies, import and export quotas, rebates, double prices, and discriminatory freight rates.

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The Coal and Steel Community's High Authority, an independent nine-man executive body, was instructed to do away with all this in five years. In order to do so, it was empowered to tax and fine the coal and steel companies, and to superimpose, within the limits of the treaty, its own regulations over any conflicting national laws and any or all of the six governments sitting in the Council of Ministers. It is subject to review only by the Community's Court of Justice, and it can be forced to resign only by a two-thirds censure of the seventy-eight-man Common Assembly, whose members are elected by the parliaments of the participating nations.

Surprisingly enough, the High Authority managed to get rid of most of the trade barriers during the first six months of its work. Its then President, the energetic and dedicated "European" Jean Monnet, went on the theory that nothing could make competition succeed like competition itself. Accordingly, he did not use the emergency price-control powers he had been granted when, during those early months, domestic French iron ore prices rose and German steel prices dropped. Instead, he relied mainly on the give-and-take of an open market to steady prices—which it did—and on an instinct for self-preservation that would lead producers to spruce up for competition—which they did.

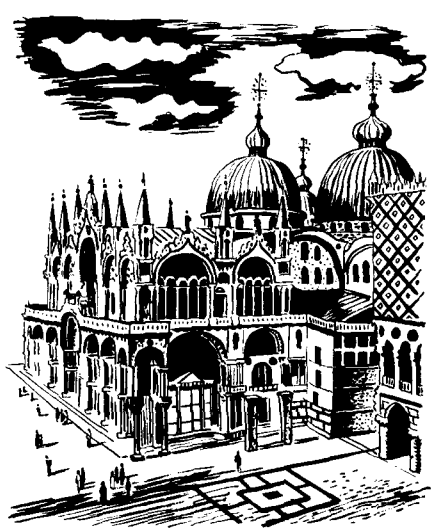
The High Authority has guided investments by requiring all major plans to be submitted in advance and then underwriting those which are sound. It has helped finance them with low-interest loans—supported by a $100-million loan from the United States—and through its underwriting system, which has encouraged private banks to extend liberal credits. It has saved scores of marginal enterprises from bankruptcy by advancing money for modernization, and it has helped make the program politically feasible by the assistance it has given to displaced workers.

Of course, some of this might have been done by individual states. But it is doubtful, for instance, whether the governments of Belgium and Italy could have taxed the coal operators of Germany and Holland in order to pay for the closing down of some marginal Belgian and Italian pits, the modernizing of others, and the retraining or transfer of laid-off miners.

There is no more shining example of Community spirit than the fact that German coal magnates have now paid more than $37 million to put their Belgian competitors on their feet. They kicked, but they paid.

THE MODERNIZATION program has worked out better for the operators than for the workers. Some of the less efficient Belgian pits have been closed without inflicting much pain on their owners, while others are now reaching a competitive level. The French steel industry has become just about as efficient, though still not as big, as the German. And the Italian steel industry, to the utter astonishment of the Italians, has nearly doubled its production. But there have been casualties among the workers along the way.

Italy's steel industry, which had been selling its products domestically at thirty dollars a ton more than the international price, laid off eight thousand steelworkers in the first shock of competition. The High Authority immediately offered help, but the Italian government refused. To accept would have been to admit



that the Community's existence had aggravated Italy's unemployment problem—an admission that would have delighted the Communist Party—and would also have meant giving special treatment to eight thousand unemployed in a total of two million. Furthermore, the government was sure in advance that no readaptation plan would succeed; there was simply no place for the laid-off steelworkers to go. For one thing, there were so many Communists among them that no other Community member would be very eager to hire them. And there wasn't much chance that they could be rehired in the Italian steel industry.

The Italians finally accepted the High Authority's help, but only after three years had passed. By then, the eight thousand workers had drifted away all over Italy. Today no one knows where, or even who they are.

The coal fields have been a problem, too. The Community lost some fourteen million tons of coal in 1955 because of a shortage of about forty-five thousand miners. But when it offered French miners in the declining Centre-Midi region a chance to work in Lorraine at equal or better pay, with guaranteed housing, and moving allowances up to $560 in cash, only 650 out of five thousand accepted. One thing the Community couldn't offer was to bring Mediterranean sunshine up north.

No doubt the Community has caused some temporary unemployment, but against this must be set its extraordinary success in loosening up what used to be the most tightly controlled industries in western Europe.

A Free Flow of Goods

Even now, of course, competition isn't entirely free. Italy still has a ten-per-cent tariff on steel—the last vestige of protection for Mussolini's most pampered industry—though that too will disappear next year. The French still have a special tax to compensate for their overvalued franc, and they still maintain certain subsidies—though these have dropped from thirteen billion to five billion francs a year and will also be done away with in 1958. The coal and steel companies still try to beat the rules when they can. The Court of Justice is still flooded with appeals from governments unwilling to abandon a license here, a rebate there, or a handout to some long-standing ward of the state. Above all, the cartel spirit still lingers on, even now that the cartels

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themselves are officially going or gone.

The High Authority has not banned and has even encouraged concentrations that give promise of higher production. It has, however, fought the oversized cartels, without getting very far. The French ATIC and Belgian COBECHAR are still arguing some details of their reorganization before the High Authority; and it took three years of hard negotiations to replace the mighty German GEORG—which used to control a third of the Community's coal—with three sales groups that are so far, for the most part, independent in name only.

Nevertheless, the French are now exporting steel to Germany for the first time in history. The Germans are now selling coke, coal, and steel to the French, Belgians, Dutch, Luxembourgeois, and Italians at the same prices as they sell to their domestic market. The Belgians, Luxembourgeois, and Dutch are now getting iron ore from Lorraine on the same terms as do the French—who are now hoping that the Germans will join in too, instead of buying it from Sweden. And the Italians—believe it or not—are now exporting special steel not only to France but to the Ruhr.

AS A CONSEQUENCE, trade in steel among the Community's six nations has almost trebled in the last four years, and in coal and steel together trade has more than doubled. It must of course be conceded that these have been boom years for all of western Europe. But this increase is nearly twice as high as the rise in general trade among the six, and it has been accompanied by a rise in production of unprecedented proportions.

In the last five years, Community coal production has increased only from 239 million to 249 million tons. But steel production has risen from 42 million tons to 57 million, which is a record. And new investments have been pouring into both industries at the rate of a billion dollars a year. Since in this case expansion creates the need for more expansion, there is no end to this growth in sight. In the next three years the Community plans to raise crude steel production by a third, pig iron by a third, iron ore by a half, coke by a half, and hard coal by a quarter.

The Community might not have met with so much success if it had gotten its start in a depression, and of course it may still run into trou-

ble. Nevertheless, it has been an immensively instructive experiment. The French and Germans still may not get together to sing songs at cocktail parties in Luxembourg, but they have found that they can work together to their mutual profit. France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Italy have seen that a Germany expanding in their midst and relying on all of them is far less dangerous than a Germany expanding independently, possibly to the point of another explosion. And all six nations have discovered that a common market, once feared as a calamity comparable to earthquake and flood, has turned out to be as nourishing as the sun and the rain.

The Case for Euratom

The Steel and Coal Community leaves unregulated eight-five per cent of "Little Europe's" industrial production. Here is where the two other projects come in.

Of course, Euratom and the Common Market lack almost all of the supranational powers of the Coal and Steel Community. Both are exposed to the caprices and fitfulness of national sovereignty. And yet "Little Europe" is something more than a planner's dreamland.

It is the one great industrial region of the world that cannot supply its own energy requirements. At present, it imports a quarter of its fuel, equivalent to a hundred million tons of coal a year. By 1965, it will have to import double that amount, and by 1975, three times as much. It now pays out $2 billion annually in foreign exchange for this fuel, but it will probably have to pay $6 billion annually in twenty years.

But if it can produce fifteen million kilowatt hours of atomic capacity a year by 1967, it can level off its net fuel imports. Such a program would require investments of at least $5 billion, a concentration of the best scientific brains in Europe, unlimited access to American knowledge, and generous supplies of American enriched uranium. That, in brief, is the case for Euratom.

THE CASE is made even stronger by the Americans' eagerness to help. Conventional energy in the United States costs roughly half what it does on the Continent—seven mills per kilowatt hour as against Europe's twelve to fifteen mills. Present experimental atomic reactors in America are still far too expensive to interest American industrialists. But since the fastest way to make power cheaper is to experiment with reactors on the largest possible scale, the United States has everything to gain by sharing what it knows with Euratom, and profiting by whatever Euratom learns in exchange.

Indeed, Euratom's "Three Wise Men"—Franz Etzel of Germany, Louis Armand of France, and Francesco Giordani of Italy—were given a most cordial welcome when they visited the United States recently; the three returned to Europe with a hearty Presidential endorsement for their ten-year program, guarantees of enriched uranium supplies, and a promise of all the technical help they could use. "Build big," Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover told them at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, "and we'll train as many scientists as you can send us."

But Euratom may not be able to build big. Behind an ostensibly harmonious agreement, a bitter fight is going on, waged mostly by France

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and, to some extent, Germany. They want to use their nuclear materials to manufacture atomic warheads.

Germany in particular insists that the Euratom Commission must have no power to tax or otherwise interfere with private and national enterprise—apart, that is, from its right to own and to acquire fissionable materials and to prevent their misuse.

The question of whether Euratom itself will build giant reactors for the Community as a whole or leave that formidable task to individual member states has deliberately been left open. The "Three Wise Men" have not yet issued their final report, delayed in part by this complicated question. But they are known to believe that no single member nation has the capital or scientists to meet the Community's pressing needs and that, if left wholly or mostly in the hands of individual states, Euratom's program for a capacity of fifteen million kilowatt-hours would take twenty years instead of the proposed ten. Twice as long, in an age moving as fast as this one, is too long.

As things stand now, the Euratom Commission can either sell or lease fissionable material and can build joint enterprises "of fundamental importance" to the Community. In the latter case, however, certain decisions must be approved by the six-man Council of Ministers, where voting strength is proportionate to each nation's population and industrial potential. Opposition by France and Germany would amount to a veto.

But there is room for compromise here, and some hope for it. Among other things, the "Wise Men's" report will show not only how dependent Europe is now on Middle Eastern oil—that scarcely needs proving any more—but how desperately dependent it will be ten years from now unless there is a gigantic atomic development.

A Common Market

The arguments for a Common Market are equally compelling if not altogether identical: Even the major European nations are too small, too close to each other.

Moreover, it doesn't take much business sense to see the difference between, say, forty million potential customers and 162 million—especially in the fastest growing market in the world. The idea that a small protected market is more profitable in the long run than a big free one has long ago been proved absurd. Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, with a common Benelux tariff averaging 12.8 per cent, export $414 worth of goods per inhabitant per year; Italy, with an average tariff twice as high, exports only one-seventh as much per inhabitant.

Italy's willingness to risk exposure to the rigors of competition is particularly noteworthy. The five combines that dominate her industry—Fiat (five-sixths of the auto industry), Edison (a quarter of the electrical industry), Montecatini (sixty to ninety per cent of mining and chemicals), Snia Viscosa (two-thirds of artificial fibers), and Pirelli (ninety per cent of the rubber industry)—have been nurtured for decades on subsidies and other state privileges, as well as a captive market. Fiat, for instance, has been protected by a forty-five-per-cent customs duty on foreign cars, to say nothing of a ninety-nine-per-cent ban on importing them at all. But

the steel industry, which had been even more tenderly nurtured through all its infirmities, has done so well in a common market that even Italy was ready to face a complete common market in as short a time as five years. It was only because of French intransigence that the transition period was finally set at from twelve to seventeen years.

Considering the web of cross-purposes—the thousands of different tariff quotas; the licenses and subsidies; the cartel arrangements; the dumping, double-pricing, and double freight-rate practices; the disparate tax, currency, social-security, and wage structures; and the kind of general outlook that led France to ban imports of Belgian endive (whereupon Belgium promptly banned French champagne) only six days before the Common Market Treaty was signed—a twelve- to seventeen-year transition period doesn't seem very long.

THE TREATY'S signatories are committed to certain fixed and irrevocable principles: heavily reducing tariffs and other trade barriers every four years; establishing common and diminishing tariffs with other countries; gradually eliminating all practices that restrict the movement of trade, capital, and labor; "harmonizing" social policies; and investing jointly in a $1-billion bank to accelerate modernization and development in retrograde areas like the south of Italy.

But whereas the Coal and Steel Community's High Authority can command any or all six governments to respect such obligations, the European Market's nine-man Commission will only be able to recommend. The six-man Council of Ministers must approve proposals of any importance by weighted majority; and on really sticky points approval must be unanimous. Furthermore, the sole punishment for a country defying such decisions will be the right of the other five to retaliate in kind—which is more or less what they've been doing all along.

On top of that there are the safeguards, exceptions, and escape clauses. Any state, for instance, can, while awaiting the Commission's recommendation, ask for delays in applying any of the treaty's regulations, and can resort *unilaterally* to otherwise illegal restrictions when it is "in grave difficulty" over its balance of payments. France, in particular, can maintain its export subsidies and special import taxes until

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French monetary reserves become satisfactory; France can also, "after consultation," impose new taxes on products already admitted to the area of free trade. And some thirty agricultural products will be sheltered by a set of minimum prices, below which any state can prohibit their importation.

These exceptions are not entirely unreasonable. France's balance-of-payments problem is a severe one at the moment. Several of the six, notably France and Italy, do have sickly agricultural systems. And all have such varying production conditions—in raw-material supply, equipment, wages—that some of their industries might not survive competition.

BUT IT'S HARD to expect a farmer to increase productivity per acre, which is the real need, as long as he is assured of continuing state support for his present rate of productivity; and no state can expect to develop its industrial might without hurting a few local interests in the process. Yet judging from the Coal and Steel Community's experience, the bankruptcy rate would almost certainly be a low one once the Common Market was established. With more raw materials available cheaper, with far more potential buyers, and with far fewer differences in wage costs than most people think, there should be room for all, or nearly all.

Nevertheless, there would probably have been no Common Market Treaty if provision had not been made for proceeding gradually. In fact, the French were on the verge of pulling out altogether when, during negotiations last January, their Assembly demanded three seemingly impossible conditions: harmonization of wage costs to be done in stages; agricultural protection; and inclusion of French overseas territories. They got their way on all three points.

Bridgehead to Africa

This last point is the treaty's most remarkable feature. For five nations with few or no remaining colonies to share the French colonial burden is in itself extraordinary. Yet they underwrote a $581-million fund to be used principally for the economic development of the French Union. At first Chancellor Adenauer is reported to have told the French bluntly: "We would rather just give you the $200 million and forget it." But Germany finally agreed to contribute, and so did the Belgians, Dutch, Luxemburgers, and Italians.

A tiny fraction of this fund will go to the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi, to Dutch New Guinea, and to Italian-administered Somaliland. The rest will go to the twenty-odd French colonies and trusteeships of Africa and Oceania.

The money is to be spent in five years, largely to create the basic conditions for further economic development; private capital is expected to underwrite most of the actual industrial development. All these colonies, moreover—and Morocco, Tunisia, and Libya as well, if they agree—will get the same export rights in the Common Market as the European members do, along with the same rights to protect their infant industries. In exchange their markets will be open to the whole Community. This was a strong point in favor of the plan, but not the only one. Another, equally strong, was an awareness among "Little Europe's" statesmen that only a vigorous and concerted effort could keep Africa tied to Europe culturally and economically. "This does not mean that we want to preserve the French or any other kind of colonial system," said one Dutch leader. "What we do want is the kind of atmosphere in which political independence, when it comes, will not be Nasser's sort."

Britain and 'Little Europe'

The last-minute insertion of this colonial program affected Britain strongly. "Today," the foreign editor of the London *Financial Times* has said, ". . . it is no longer so foolish as it was to think of western Europe as a potential Third Force, with a role analogous to that of the Commonwealth in the period immediately following the second world war. . . . There is, first of all, the problem of tying a strong and increasingly restive German state as firmly as possible to the West. This would be easier if they were members of a west European Common Market." He pointed out that the Common Market will strengthen Germany in a sense that may be hostile to Britain's trading interests, but concluded that Britain's choice lay "between trying to break up the European Common Market or competing with Germany for the leadership of it."

It takes no prophetic wisdom to foresee Britain's choice. Practically everybody who counts in "Little Europe"—including a number of Germans—would eagerly welcome Britain. "Any Presidential chair we have, in the Coal and Steel Community, the Common Market, and Euratom, would be open to the British tomorrow if they wanted it," says Max Kohnstamm, the German Executive Secretary to the "Three Wise Men." "We would be grateful for their genius, and their presence."

If Britain fails to enter the Common Market, the leaders of "Little Europe" are determined to get on without Britain. Now, at long last, the treaties have been drafted and signed. True, they still have to be ratified by all six parliaments, and the projects may be stopped before they start. The French Assembly, though unnerved by so many and such unexpected victories now written into the treaties, might still find other pretexts to vote them down.

Greater than Ever

Even hard-headed statesmen who care for the unity of Europe but never believed that it could be brought about by constituent assemblies or by frontal attacks on the principle of sovereignty are cautiously optimistic now. The cumulative pressure of international events is driving Europe toward some form of unity—one, however, that is unlikely to have much in common with that which the thirteen colonies gave themselves at the Philadelphia Convention. The two great outside powers are forcing Europe to find its way to unity, these statesmen think. Both America and Russia can be counted on to keep the Europeans—and the British too—on the right track. The more unpredictable America becomes, the more inclined to be capricious or nagging even in benevolence, the more Europeans will be forced to rely on themselves, and unite. As for Russia's ill will, that, too, is a force for unity.

If "Little Europe" unites in its own way, at its own pace, it will not remain "little" for very long.

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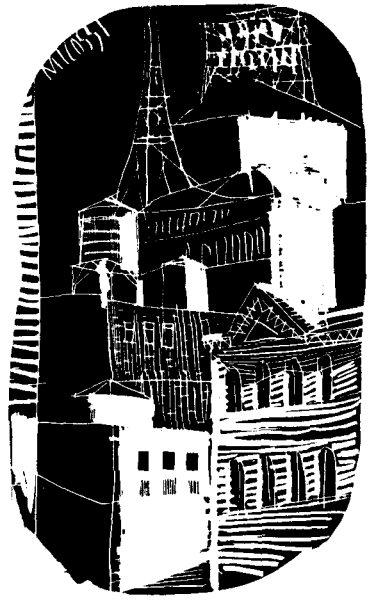
The TV Pattern: 1. Signs of Revolt

MARYA MANNES

If we were to believe as devoutly as the industry does in the Nielsen and Trendex ratings, which show that nearly a hundred million people looked at "Cinderella" the other night and that more than forty million people are faithful to Ed Sullivan, the assumption would follow that the American television audience is in a state of contented captivity. No people in the world, surely, have been showered so freely with so much. And it might seem base ingratitude if after ten years of this stupefying largesse some Americans were beginning to wonder whether they were really being served as well as they might be, whether the medium was being used to its fullest powers, and whether—heresy of heresies—the sponsor-agency-network structure itself was the only form under which it could operate.

But this is exactly what's happening. A growing number of people are hauling off for a good look at commercial television, disturbed as much by its quantitative as its qualitative invasion of their lives, and by the fact that it has now set in a rigid pattern from which it either cannot or will not break free.

For television has reached a plateau of accomplishment where growth seems arrested, aspiration suspended. Five years ago, even three years ago, the air was charged with intent and possibility, and in each of the great networks were men prepared and eager to crystallize them. There was brave talk among them of new programming, of greater freedom and greater daring, of a time when the network, assuming more control over sponsor and agency, could balance the diet it fed the American people with some more substantial nourishment. But now many of these men—the creative, professional leaders of television—have been squeezed out of the networks, and in their place are business executives dedicated primarily to bookkeeping. And if you ask one of these officials what his network is planning in the way of fresh ideas or new concepts in programming, he will say that as techniques improve the shows will get better and better, and that, of course, they are always looking for



fresh talent. He will mention a new series of documentaries, perhaps, or describe certain trends you already know about. There will probably be more long dramas, more fairy-tale spectaculars, more films, more Westerns. But the mention of "change" or "planning" will raise his eyebrows. The pattern is set.

Certainly television people have reason to be proud of the sheer immensity of their accomplishment as it stands: The filling of fourteen to eighteen hours a day of air-time seven days a week for fifty-two weeks a year is staggering proof of organizational and technical genius, of human vitality and talent. That this feat is shared almost equally by the networks, the advertising agencies, and the independent package producers makes it no less remarkable. They succeed hourly in pleasing millions of people and selling millions of products. And if the only anxiety they suffer is confined to rising costs and falling ratings, perhaps they cannot be blamed. The twinges some may—and do—feel about "the public interest" and the "educated minority" are eased by a few programs a week at the times they can afford to present them.

One of the most creative and intelligent network officials, a producer of public-affairs programs, remarked the other day that no network in its right mind would present a "See It Now," for example, at the same time a rival network was showing a star-studded variety program. "We can't penalize the majority," he said, "for the sake of the minority."

The word "penalize" was an interesting choice, since it apparently meant "force the majority to think" or "bore"—implying, indeed, that the two were synonymous.

He was, of course, only confirming what we all know by now. Television is a mass medium that is supported by the sale of goods, and the more people look the more people buy. It is forced by its very nature to penalize part of its audience. And the time may now be ripe to ask whether this part should be forced to accept its condition indefinitely, why it should not demand more from a medium so infinitely rich in possibilities, and why it should not consider turning in time to other systems if the commercial system leaves its need unsatisfied.

Diversion or The Way Out?

But just who constitute the mass audience and the dissenting few—or many? When do they overlap, as they sometimes must, and when do they part, as they often do? One of the virtues of American society, continually in flux, is that it defies rigid stratification. And yet differences between kind and kind do exist, and it is probably clear by now that we

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are ranging ourselves behind that segment of the television-audience which is critical and demanding: the snobs, if you will, the sophisticated, the eggheads. Nobody knows how many of us there are, but there is no doubt that we exist. Just what, then, is the difference between Them—the mass audience, the average viewer—and Us?

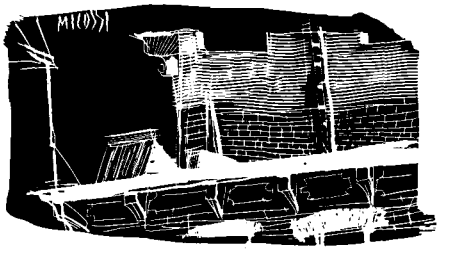
Let's say that we are in some ways the luckier ones: Through no virtues of our own, books and music and theater and art have one or all kept us company in our lives. Thanks to them and that infinite capacity for discussion which marks the egghead, we have usually been able to entertain ourselves. Our lives are often too full for television—at least they are too full for television as it now exists.

But the people who depend most on television are apt to be those who previously found their release from reality in the narcosis of radio or comics or Mickey Spillane. Steady viewers are characterized perhaps more than anything else by their passivity.

For those who are passive through age or through illness, through boredom or fatigue or lack of will, television is an unparalleled boon. It fills all the aching gaps of time and loneliness in furnished rooms, in remote farmhouses, in hospitals, in hotels. It leavens the lot of couples who have nothing more to say to each other, of harassed parents in need of respite from the demands of children, of families cramped in suburban developments where the overwhelming monotony of the view would be enough in itself to turn them toward the constantly changing screen. Television is distraction and solace for millions on whom this civilization has imposed the crushing weight of emptiness. To them, young and old, the turning of the knob is The Way Out.

For the mass millions, the infinitely repeated intrusion of commercials is a small price to pay for this release. If anything it feeds—as it is designed to do—the enormous appetite for things that is an accepted American diversion as much as it is the basis of our economy. For the rest of us, the commercial continues, with few exceptions, to be too high a price—a profound and chronic irritant to people for whom surcease from the material world is in itself a release.

YET THERE are times when all of us can and do come together before the television screen. We did so a few weeks ago to see "Cinder-



ella," the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical starring Julie Andrews.

It was in the company of people typical of the critical viewer that I saw "Cinderella," and the experience that night provides as good an instance as any of the gap that exists between the standards of the few and the many.

Although this particular group would normally have spent the evening in talk, frivolous as well as serious, it was decided to watch "Cinderella" for three main reasons: admiration for the music of Rodgers and the lyrics of Hammerstein, admiration for the talent and charm of Julie Andrews, and plain curiosity. If this was to be the great television event of the year, by God we were going to see it.

Our first overt reaction was indignation at the placing of the first commercial, very early in the action and totally disruptive of what mood had been established. From then on a foot-operated device invented by the son of the family was used to cut off the sound of all further commercials. (When this incident was described to a CBS vice-president with a question as to why the network could not exert more control over the placing of commercials in such a major program, he said, "If you'll pardon me, I think your reaction was rather silly. We didn't get a single complaint.")

At the end of "Cinderella," our conclusions were unanimous. Two of the Rodgers-Hammerstein songs were charming, if derivative; Julie Andrews performed with her usual perfection, although she was much too clean and pretty as the drudge; and most of the magic was filtered out by the slickness of the production. On the whole, the show was a bore. We could happily have missed the television event of the season.

No Nielson or Trendex can tell, of course, whether the ninety or more million who saw "Cinderella" thought it was as wonderful as the publicity said it was. But it is safe to assume that it was a memorable event for them, that they heard songs and lyrics greatly superior to their usual fare on television, and that to children brought up to be egregious realists, if not cynics, the television version of the fairy tale, touched up as it was, introduced some degree of magic.

From Six to Sixty

The industry itself would be justified in interrogating at this point: "So you eggheads didn't think much of Cinderella. What does that prove? If you really don't need or want the best entertainment we can offer, just what *do* you want?"

I think that what we—the snobs—want of television is either the immediacy of reality, which it is superbly equipped to convey in its intimate observation of people and places and situations, or the stimulation of real imagination, which it rarely achieves. We want our stuff straight, the lines clear, and the areas separate. We want television that can be adult for ourselves and childlike for our children—but at different times. And I further believe that the reason why commercial television may lose us in the long run to some other television system is that its survival depends on blurring all these lines. A newspaper paragraph describing the aftermath of "Cinderella" gets at the heart of this: "Fairy tales, the industry suddenly reasoned, were tailor-made for television needs . . . they answer the dream of every television producer—*a show that will attract one and all from 6 to 60.*" The italics are mine.

Well, their top-rated shows, their biggest money-makers, do just that. A vast number of children make up the forty-some million who look at the Ed Sullivan show every week; a vast amount of adults join the forty-

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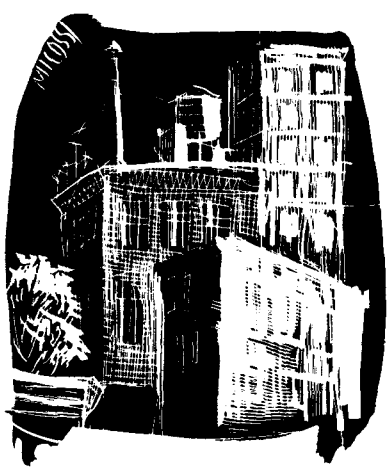
two million audience of "Disneyland." The giants—"The Perry Como Show," "December Bride," "The $64,000 Question," "Dragnet"—these and their close rivals can all be classed as "family shows," particularly since the American child seems to have no fixed bedtime. The flood of Westerns, the flood of crime movies, the quizzes and the jackpots, reach the same six-to-sixty audience. Because of this they can never be either adult *or* childlike. They arrest adults at an adolescent level and endow children with a precocious sophistication. (If anyone wants to know what a steady television diet is doing to the average American child, he has only to glance now and then at a show like "Art Linkletter's House Party," one feature of



which is a daily interviewing of elementary school tots. Two standard questions used by Mr. Linkletter are "What do you dream about?" and "Did your parents tell you anything to say here?" The first question, addressed to a simpering little five-year-old, produced a very typical answer: "I dreamed I won a lot of money at Las Vegas." The second was answered by a six-year-old boy this way: "My dad said for me to give his garage a plug—it's on Maple Avenue and 38th St.")

To all such criticisms of popular television fare, the network spokesmen have the logical answer. "But nobody," they say, "forces you to look at these shows if you don't want to. They are deliberately aimed at mass tastes. They support television and make it possible for us to give you the kind of program you say you want—a first-rate play like 'Requiem for a Heavyweight' on the Playhouse 90 series, or some Shakespeare, or Bernstein discussing Bach on 'Omnibus,' or a Mozart Opera, or the best news and documentaries."

"Our public-affairs programs," said a CBS executive, "are usually a dead financial loss, since most of them are unsponsored. We spent seven million dollars last year on news and discussion and documentaries alone, and we're pleased when a series like 'Odyssey,' for instance, averages 6.8 [million viewers] and un-horses Roy Rogers."

"There is no law," he went on, "that says we have to put on these shows. We do it because we feel we owe it to a section of our audience. And if now and then we hit a mass audience with one—'Air Power' averages twenty-five million viewers—well then, we're naturally very pleased."

NBC is equally pleased that "Wide, Wide World" is seen by about thirty million people every week, and that their Huntley-Brinkley news show each night averages out at 9.5—a high mark for news.

Yet here again, their most successful public-affairs show—"Air Power" and "Wide, Wide World"—are primarily aimed at the family and the mass audience. "Air Power" is jampacked with action, and "Wide, Wide World" is as diffuse and unresolved as its title. Once more, almost anybody of any age can be entertained by them.

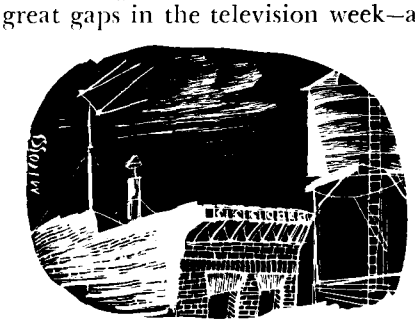
Conversely, very few of the shows deliberately aimed at the sophisticated viewers ever attract a mass audience. An occasional CBS "See It Now" and an occasional NBC documentary like "Nightmare in Red" manage to push into the twenty-million bracket. But the adult Sunday news commentaries of men like Eric Sevareid on CBS and Chet Huntley on NBC, loyal as their following may be, stay at the low end of the rating totem. So do programs like "Camera Three," "Meet the Press," and "Face the Nation." The wholly delightful recent Hallmark production of "Yeoman of the Guard" on NBC drew far fewer people than Arthur Godfrey or "Navy Log." Finally, excellent as these special programs are, they account for no more than five to ten per cent of the total television programming. It is doubtful whether commercial television will ever be able to afford a larger percentage, let alone sustain this one.

"Treat us as you would a magazine," say the network men. "You pick out the article you want to read and leave the rest alone. Nobody expects you to like everything in it."

But this, I believe, is part of the fallacy that the recent death of certain mass magazines tended to expose. It is just possible that there are diminishing returns in a forever expanding audience; if you try to please everybody you may end up by pleasing nobody. In a highly competitive world, it may be the specialized service for the specialized audience that will best survive. The bland mass diet of television soothes but does not nourish. In its scrupulous avoidance of roughage—controversy, the clash of ideas, the questioning of popular attitudes—it may be having a dangerous effect on the American digestion.

Among other things absent from commercial television as a whole are the two ingredients in which an adult audience might find its truest relaxation: wit and sex. There are plenty of gags and jokes, but only two men who are capable of satiric observation and genuine humor. One, Sid Caesar, may not have a regular show next year; the other, Ernie Kovacs, can be seen only at long intervals since he has no show of his own. As for sex, there are plenty of pretty girls, but television has a strange way of divesting them of real allure. Of that earthy gaiety, that amused appreciation of the facts of life with which the French and the Italians sometimes enliven their best movies, there is none.

Quite aside from these omissions in existing television fare, there are great gaps in the television week—at



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least three evenings and most of Saturday offer practically nothing for the demanding viewer to enjoy.

So what do we do, those of us who are not convinced that commercial television is giving us the excitement and enrichment for which the medium has such boundless potentialities? Shall we be content with what it *does* give us, grateful for the charity of a few good programs? Shall we assume that this is the only form television can take, and wait patiently in expectation of a general rise in taste that will eventually increase the kind of programming we want?

Change in the Air

The air is exploding with answers. One has come from the industry itself in the form of a three-day conference on public-service programming held by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in Boston.

More than two hundred delegates engaged in station broadcasting throughout the country took time out for some hard thinking and plain talk and listened to distinguished educators, lawyers, writers, and media experts defining the duties of broadcasters to the American public. They came to three unanimus conclusions: There must be more public-service programs on radio and TV; they must be made more imaginative and entertaining in order to hold their audience; they must begin at the local station level and serve the local community.

"We do believe that public service is good business and have long maintained in our advertising that 'Broadcasting is most effective on stations that have earned the respect and confidence of the communities they serve,'" said Donald H. McGannon, president of Westinghouse. He spoke of broadcasting as a "mighty force capable of encouraging mankind to aspire toward loftier goals. For the ignorant man, this goal may be learning. For the discouraged man, it may be faith. For one it may be Bach and Beethoven, and for another Irving Berlin."

"Broadcasters should have more faith in their audiences," said Charles van Doren.

Joseph N. Welch said "I urge you to consider raising your sights, creating an appetite for better things."

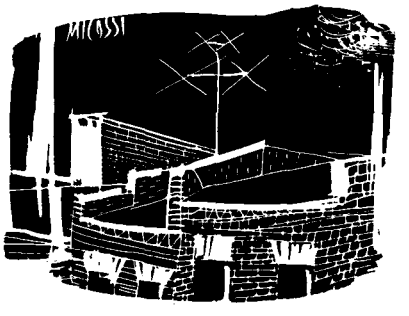
Westinghouse would hardly have spent $75,000 for this conference if the chorus of protest against commercial television fare were not shrilling in the industry's ear. They cannot pick up a copy of *Variety,* hardly an egghead's bible, without reading comments like this: "generally speaking, TV is becoming saturated with bargain basement buying. . . . For the medium's own good, too many clients are looking for cheap buys. Content and quality run second in their evaluations."

This is echoed across the seas by Anthony Asquith. Speaking of the British commercial television system, which borrows heavily from ours, he said that creative workers in the industry were of "the strong opinion that immediate steps should be taken to stem the tendency towards an ever decreasing quality."

MOST SIGNIFICANT of all was the recent statement made by a man who has done perhaps more than anyone else to infuse the medium of television with creative vitality. A few weeks ago, Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., former President of NBC, announced his plans to present a new television service to the American public, which will be called Program Service and which is "to offer to the viewing audience and to advertisers genuine alternatives to what the three networks are offering, really not to the public but against each other.

"I will try to do for Americans," he went on, "many things that the networks cannot or will not do because of their inflexibility, their high time and facility costs, and their limited objectives."

Weaver predicted that the networks would continue their tendency to "fight among themselves for the largest . . . audience, and drop news, spectaculars, and other event-type programming, cut down on live drama, and go to Westerns, kid shows, escape, crime shows, and the like.



"Are our audiences," he asked, "increasing in size and in eagerness to view, or are we riding on a habit —as the movies did, to their almost ultimate disaster? Are we mesmoronizing large audiences, to an ever declining percentage of all people in all homes?"

Shall We Pay As We See?

The answers to the questions raised by both Weaver and the Westinghouse conference, however, lie in the future. And both accept the sponsor basis of broadcasting as a fact of life.

But other forces do not. Three powerful companies are prepared at great financial risk to provide a new television service to the American people by means of tolls: Skiatron, Zenith, and Telemeter. They believe that there are a growing number of people in this country who are willing to pay for the privilege of choosing the best, free of commercial interference; who would insert one or even four quarters in a slot on their television set if by doing so they could see a Broadway play, a new movie, a chamber music recital, or the kind of controversy, satire, and programming for their children that commercial TV cannot give them.

For years these Pay-As-You-See companies have besieged the Federal Communications Commission for permits to proceed with their systems on a test basis. They have consistently, understandably, and vehemently been blocked by the networks and the film exhibitors, who claim on the one hand that the public will merely be paying for what it gets free on the present system and on the other that such competition would force network programming down to its lowest common denominator—and obliterate movie theaters.

The FCC is expected to grant one of these companies a permit in the near future, but even if it does, the results of a toll-television test cannot be decisive for several years. Its mere inception, though, is proof enough that it is in the American nature to go for a better mousetrap —especially if the old mousetrap isn't doing the job.

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2. Budgets, Machinery, And the Question of Art

ANDY LEWIS

In the control room of every television studio at show time are three or four mysterious strangers. Strangers, that is, to the enclave of creative talent—editors, writers, actors, and the like—and even to the director, who knows their names but not just what they're up to.

The strangers (who are called "video engineers") sit close before a private row of instruments, staring throughout the performance at a pattern of thin, luminous green lines, now and then muttering to each other or rising to go on silent errands. So disconnected are these people from what the director, editor, and you and I know to be important that at times—when the warrior prince has blown his speech and stares emptily, pitifully at the camera, and what is more has left behind his sword in the last ten-second costume change and will have to dispatch the Scorpion Man with his bare hands—the video engineer will chuckle contentedly to himself because the little green lines are looking so splendid.

Obviously the video engineer has nothing to do with art—except that now and then a camera threatens to burn out, and then it becomes quite clear why he's there.

The case is somewhat similar, if less extreme, with the lighting director—who wanders about the set during rehearsal getting in the way of the cast and shouting, "Hit her with the blue scoop, Augie!" As far as the writer is concerned, the director himself becomes the enemy of art when he destroys the dialogue rhythm of an entire scene so that a cameraman can scoot across studio and set up for another shot. Or the director may lose patience with the designer, who ordains that if the kitchen scene is to have real running water, the cloister fountain will have to go dry. And finally the designer is apt to snap at the writer who insists that six minutes of dialogue will play just fine in front of the rear-projected photograph of a cornfield.

The Dreadful Advantages

The point is familiar: that television is complicated, that it offers no clear opportunity to separate what is art from the damp workings of technology—machinery, budgets, and problems of personnel.

But if we accept the point, we have to consider its implications. And if we want to judge television as an art, and if we are inclined to compare it with other collaborative arts, we have to consider the circumstances in which it moves. To those

who work in television at large, the remarkable thing is not that they do so many bad programs but that they ever do any good ones.

To the artist—leaving aside the question of who the artist is (or are)—live television offers two dreadful advantages. The first is much greater flexibility than the legitimate stage if he will explore the possibilities conscientiously. The second is that, unlike film, a TV picture is taken, judged, and distributed at one and the same time. What makes the advantages dreadful is that television's particular visual capacities, the things which most distinguish it as a medium and on which its satisfactory use depends, are precisely those with which it is hardest and costliest to experiment.

The shortcomings of television are often laid to the grand strategies of commerce—commercial sponsorship; the relationship of network to producer to agency to client; concern with salability and public appeal. But there is a strong possibility that television freed of these dark influences would only be different and no better.

Because in just the tactical operations of television—the practical business of trying to get an entertainment or dramatic or cultural idea out of someone's head and onto the air—there is quite enough to constrict the range of subject matter, to diminish and routinize its presentation. And, particularly in television drama, every effort to depart from the known, routine, and workable, runs head-on into the tremendous necessity of having to get *something* inside budget into studio and on camera, seven days after the last show and seven before the next.

The Ground Rules

The safe thing to do in television drama is to put on a stage piece. Plays in general adapt quite easily. And so do most playwrights. For one thing, they are already used to the block-work of dramatic writing in general. And if they want to be *really* obliging to their producers, they will keep within the following specifications:

1. The time will be the present, and the scenery will be realistic. Reason: The designer, who has to rely on "stock" to stay within budget, has a wider choice of material. Kitchens, hallways, and living rooms come easy; Babylonian temple entrances are apt to run high. And, if the set is realistic, the director can make use of film inserts to establish scenes, to make transitions, and especially to "widen out" occasionally and give a sense of space.

2. The locus will be urban or suburban, rather than rural, and the action will take place on porches and indoors. Reason: "Exteriors" in studio television take a lot of space and a lot of trouble and even then often don't look "right." If there *is* to be an exterior on the flat studio floor, it had better be paved.

3. Time lapses should be few. If all the action can take place in the course of an evening, so much the

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better. Actors don't have much time to change clothes or get "aged."

4. Individual scenes should involve fewer people, on average, than the stage, and they may be briefer and more quiet or "intimate." The considerations here involve size of sets, picture quality, and camera work. (There are a few small fussy rules based on the time it takes for an actor to gallop across studio from one scene to another, but they need not concern us here.)

5. People can get angry at each other, but it's best if they avoid fisticuffs.

6. An audience can be expected to keep six or seven principal characters in mind—usually not more.

7. It can all last about forty-eight minutes—the available playing time in an hour show after deduction for commercials, opens, closes, and the like.

8. Rehearsal time for the cast, in studio on camera, will be perhaps nine hours. Total usable floor space in a big studio—of which there are very few—will be an area of perhaps sixty by eighty feet.

THOSE ARE the ground rules. Each of them gets broken every day, but the more closely a scriptwriter adheres to them, the less bother he creates for everyone else, the more easily they can further his purposes, and the likelier the result.

So perhaps it is more than accidental that the best television plays to date have been produced in the particularly indoors community of New York and have dealt in close terms with the brief "human" crises of city dwellers. Paddy Chayefsky's "Marty" is the best example, and other Philco shows and writers of several years back come to mind.

The example is not meant to be condescending. These shows have stepped beyond formula. They are more than stage plays transposed. They are the straight-down-the-middle of television. In accepting and making use of the medium at hand, in writing, acting, directing, and producing, they are among the best art of any kind for quite some while. If television has a tradition, this is it.

$1,300 an Hour

But the bothersome thing is that there *are* other times than the present, other places than a hallway, and other senses than the literal. The television camera *can* range about and select what the audience will see in ways the stage cannot. The camera shows us *things* as well as people, and it can combine images just as flexibly and with less bother than film.

This would seem to suggest that the conscientious thing to do would be to sound out the medium's capacities in these respects—not using it as a mere surrogate for film and stage, and not always hewing to the line of what technically comes easiest and hence most skillfully.

But when we consider just how this noble work should proceed, we bump up once again against the hard edges of technology. The composer, presumably, can make do with a piano, and the writer with a ream of clean yellow paper. Even the playwright at minimum needs a group of friends who can read. But to turn three cameras on in a television studio with five actors and a minimum stylized set costs something like thirteen hundred dollars an hour—leaving aside the number of supporting troops and the expense necessary to get up the material before the cameras can be turned on at all.

A number of conclusions would seem to follow. First, the "artistic" development of TV—which has been remarkably fast in some respects—will be a good deal slower from here on out. And it will consist of the exploration of subject matter more than changes in visual techniques. It will necessarily have to come from "inside" the industry—a glum, collaborative lockstep affair.

Educational stations have the opportunity—indeed, the responsibility—to explore subject matter. But they will probably never have the time or ready cash for altogether showmanly presentations. (Sometimes they seem to find an uneasy virtue in the fact.) Commercial programs, on the other hand, are not inclined to root about for topics that only make bother.

The program which does—"Omnibus" is the obvious case in point—takes a calculated risk. It is the nature of experiments that they don't always give us our favorite answer. "Omnibus" has had its faltering moments—and yet has made its way to a wide variety of the best, most important, and fully realized works in television. As the only program with means and license to explore at will, its importance to the industry and to the public has been fundamental.

Another thing that seems inevitable is that live television will have to acknowledge and characterize some of its physical limitations. (Unless there is an inexhaustible supply of plays about evenings in the lives of good people who don't go outdoors.) As it is, live television gives altogether too good an imitation of film: It rouses too many expectations. When we watch a stage play, we are conscious of its limits to start with—that it is a *place*, with actors in it who can show us only so much by themselves and for the rest need the help of our imaginations. Television, by virtue of the camera, is

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mobile, selective, and excluding. It acts as if it could show us everything realistically, and we, for our part, wait to be shown.

One thing that might happen over a period of time is an increased "stylizing" of sets and a frank acknowledgment that mobility of one kind—in subject matter, or dramatic time, or scene—is only to be had at the expense of another.

Another possibility, of course, is that television, for its drama at any rate, will renounce the hurly-burly of live production in favor of filmmaking. But film costs even *more* money than live staging—and looks a good deal worse over the air.

What might come along—and solve a number of problems—is a rapid development of "electronic photography," whereby the picture from a television camera is recorded on magnetic tape. Since tape, unlike film, can be played back immediately, for judgment and editing, the process at least theoretically offers the best of both mediums. The equipment involved is already in being. If it can be made handy to pack around, it will permit infinitely better scheduling and use of studio facilities—or in some cases complete independence of them in favor of "natural" locations. It might, to some extent, although it seems less likely, decentralize operations from New York and Hollywood and afford local stations the opportunity to undertake programs more ambitious than the weekly talent round-up.

FOR THE time being, at least, television is pre-eminently a machine-age art. It bears the earmarks of technology—the separation of the worker from both his own product and the ultimate consumer, an emphasis on problems of cost and personnel, on assembly rather than "creation," and so on through the list. The fact that what has always been separated off as mechanical or organizational is now indistinguishable from art is as oppressive to those who serve in television as it is to those who only sit and watch. But it is only by making his peace with his machinery that the working artist will survive in television, and only by turning it to advantage that the medium will improve.

Government Security And Private Industry

BENJAMIN D. SEGAL and JOYCE L. KORNBLUH

STEPHAN LOUIS KREZNAR, a lanky forty-year-old Milwaukee telephone worker, is suing Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Jerome D. Fenton, former director of the Defense Department's Office of Industrial Personnel Security Review, in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia.

The plaintiff, former president of Local 5501, Communications Workers of America, AFL-CIO, was given his walking papers January 23, 1956, by the Wisconsin Telephone Company after nearly fifteen years of satisfactory service. The charge: Kreznar had failed to get clearance from the government in a company-initiated security check. The grounds: He was allegedly a member of the Socialist Workers Party, a Trotskyite organization cited on the Attorney General's list.

In his suit, filed recently, Kreznar seeks to have his industrial security discharge declared illegal on the ground that his job was taken from him without due process of law.

THE Wisconsin Telephone Company, a medium-sized member of the Bell family, claims that any of its workers denied a security clearance must automatically be fired. It holds that it has undergone a "long and continuous effort to indoctrinate . . . employees with a high sense of responsibility and integrity." In the event an employee fails to get a clearance, the company claims (1) it "cannot vouch for him"; (2) "He has destroyed his usefulness"; (3) "It would be unfair to our employees and a breach of trust with . . . customers to continue people like him on our payroll."

The rub is that Kreznar was investigated by the government at the request of the phone company itself, although the company had no defense contracts in the area where Kreznar was employed. The company in effect took advantage of a vague security regulation in order to have Kreznar screened. Actually, he did not work on any "classified materials" and therefore did not need a security clearance in order to continue doing his job with "responsibility and integrity."

WITH its nine thousand workers, the Wisconsin Telephone Company serves more than nine hundred thousand telephones in 135 communities and supplies nearly all their transmission facilities for TV and radio.

Kreznar was hired by the company in April, 1941. For the next fifteen years he reported to the Plant Department, advancing from the job classified as "frame man" to the work of PBX installer, one of the highest-rated jobs in the communications industry. (PBX is the name given to private switchboards used in business firms and offices.)

Eighty-three of the plant employees are PBX installers. Kreznar ranked about fifteenth in the seniority list and about sixth in Milwaukee's South District, where he was assigned. In his four years as PBX installer, he worked in almost every type of establishment—factories, schools, hospitals, real-estate agencies, doctors' offices, lumber yards, and department stores.

An active unionist, he had held several offices in Local 5501 of the Communications Workers of America AFL-CIO, including presidency of the local from 1949 until the day he was fired. Kreznar had served for a number of years on the union's bargaining committee, had processed the more important grievances that came up among the workers at W.T.C., and was well known to the management. One union official described Kreznar as "conscientious," "issue-oriented," a "hard fighter in collective bargaining." He

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is credited with having built up the local union.

On January 16, 1956, Kreznar received notice from the Department of Defense that any existing security clearance he might have for access to Army, Navy, or Air Force classified defense information was now suspended. The statement of reasons given included the charge of alleged membership in the Milwaukee Branch of the Socialist Workers Party. A few days later he was fired on the ground that his security clearance had been denied.

On February 23 John Dressler, secretary of Local 5501, was also fired by the company. Dressler, a PBX installer with two years of seniority, had also been notified by the government that his security clearance was suspended on the charge of "association" with members of the Socialist Workers Party. Neither Dressler nor Kreznar held a security clearance when they were notified that such clearance had been suspended.

Criteria and Controversy

A hornets' nest of controversy has been stirred up over the Industrial Personnel Security Program, in whose loopholes and vagueness telephone workers Kreznar and Dressler find themselves caught. The program has been the subject of legal studies, newspaper features, union protest, and the imprecations of many workers who have borne the onus of seeming less than one hundred per cent security-proof during the long months of trying to prove their innocence.

Criticisms of the I.P.S.P. focus on its scope, its loose criteria, its procedures, its denials of basic Constitutional freedoms, its psychological and economic damage to a worker accused of being a security risk, and the loopholes that permit employer misuse of the program.

The program, which was initiated in 1949, covers about three million workers in the approximately twenty-one thousand industrial plants holding contracts or subcontracts with the Defense Department. Security regulations demand that employees working with or having access to classified materials be cleared for their work at either the confidential, secret, or top secret levels.

An employee denied a clearance need not be fired, security regulations state, but he may be transferred to nonclassified work in another area of the plant. Many employers, however, don't bother to find nonclassified jobs for such workers, but simply fire them.

Security regulations allow the employer himself to grant a clearance to employees—most maintenance and production workers—who need only the confidential level of clearance. This group includes about two million persons. A recent and important study by the New York Bar Association strongly recommended that these workers be eliminated from coming under the bans of the I.P.S.P., which should confine itself to the eight hundred thousand employees who need secret or top secret clearance granted only after government investigation.

Loose criteria of the program have been attacked because the twenty-two yardsticks that measure a man's security status include such vague standards as "any behavior, activities or association which tend to show that an individual is not reliable or trustworthy." A worker may also be denied clearance if he has committed "acts of reckless, irresponsible or wanton nature which indicate such poor judgment and instability as to suggest that the individual might disclose information to unauthorized persons."

A third criticism has been on the use of the Attorney General's list of 303 subversive organizations, which the New York Bar Association's well-publicized report has urged be completely revamped or cut out. Only one organization on the list has been given a hearing, yet industrial security regulations hold that membership in or association with members of the branded organizations are factors to be considered in measuring a man's security standing.

Systematic loyalty-security programs have cropped up in a number of industries not connected with defense work, according to a recent article in the March, 1956, issue of the *Stanford Law Review*. These companies have an unofficial, unannounced, and usually unacknowledged system for clearing workers on their payrolls.

A company may hire a detective agency to make sure that each worker in its employ as well as job applicants meet government security standards. A number of companies in industrial cities are said to maintain a central file, or blacklist, of suspected security risks for the use of all personnel directors in town. In this atmosphere the question asked by management officials has changed from "Is this worker a threat to national security?" to "Can his record be used to embarrass this company some time in the future?"

The 1952 *Report on Industrial Security* by the National Industrial Conference Board put it another way. It said:

"Even if you don't have a trained saboteur in hire, Industrial Security can pay off in peacetime. It can help you rid your plant of agitators who create labor unrest, who promote labor grievances, slowdowns and strikes and encourage worker antipathy to management. . . . Furthermore, while Communism is a great threat to America today, who knows in this unsettled world what the color, nationality or political philosophy of our next enemy will be?"

The Kreznar case illustrates the criticism and confusion that have grown up around the I.P.S.P. and also adds a new wrinkle to the security setup that has serious implications for the labor movement and the American public.

The government turned thumbs down on granting a security clearance to telephone worker Kreznar at each of the successive stages of the built-in security appeal procedures: a hearing before the New York Industrial Personnel Security Hearing Board and an appeal to Jerome Fenton's office in the Pentagon. In its answer to the suit filed by Kreznar in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, the government contends that the phone company held a "service contract" with the Army and Navy since 1951—essentially the same type of service contract every phone subscriber holds.

Kreznar, who pleaded the First Amendment during the hearing before the New York Industrial Personnel Security Hearing Board, ad-

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mits that he attended meetings of the Milwaukee branch of the Socialist Workers Party but denies membership in the organization. He says that he made several contributions to the Defense Fund for legless veteran James Kutcher, also denied a security clearance because of membership in the S.W.P. (Kutcher was reinstated in his clerical job with the Veterans Administration in 1956 following a favorable decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.)

The Socialist Workers Party is cited on the Attorney General's list as both subversive and Communistic. Spokesmen for the group have asked for a hearing to testify that the organization is anti-Stalinist and anti-totalitarian, and has no connection with the Communist International.

Kreznar, the father of three children, had only one week of unskilled work in the fourteen months that followed his firing in January, 1956. Even the most menial jobs have been denied him when prospective employers learn of his security-risk tag.

The Arbitration Hearing

When the Communications Workers of America took Kreznar's case to arbitration, the arbitrator ruled in the company's favor. The company has since refused to arbitrate the Dressler case, claiming that the arbitration decision on Kreznar applies to Dressler as well.

The company rested its case in the Kreznar arbitration on the fact that it anticipated getting a government contract some time in the future, although it had no particular new job for Kreznar in mind. As Milton P. Naab, general plant manager of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, testified:

"Clearance for Kreznar was asked at the time in 1952 when we believed we were going to have a considerable installation job which required we get clearance. Most of this work we felt was to be in the Milwaukee area and at that time the division plant man and the district man from Milwaukee and I decided that we should get a group of somewhere between fifteen and twenty PBX installers cleared for no less than secret so that we might be able to take care of this work that came along from the government and required that type of secret work which we expected to get at that time. Now, Kreznar was one of the men that was selected by the District Plant Manager in the South District."

Mr. Naab was questioned: "If Kreznar had not been selected for that anticipated work, would clearance have been asked?"

MR. NAAB: "I doubt whether it would have been asked for at that time."

QUESTION: "The work that he was performing at the time didn't require clearance, is that right?"

MR. NAAB: "This was in anticipation of government work we were to get."

When Mr. Naab was asked whether Kreznar's clearance was sought for any particular job, his answer was "No."

The Butler Bill

But in addition to the argument of anticipated defense contracts, the phone company chalked up a new line to boost its case. It contended that it was a "key facility," since its cables carry circuits to defense plants as well as homes and business firms. Therefore it was justified in getting employees screened and weeded out for security reasons. This argument led Kreznar's lawyer, David I. Shapiro, to state that this case is one way of getting the Butler bill in by the back door.

Introduced in the last two sessions of Congress by Senator John Butler (R., Maryland), the Butler bill, called officially the Defense Facilities Protection Act, passed the Senate but failed to clear the House in 1954. Hearings were held in 1955 but strong opposition from unions and liberal groups kept the bill from coming out of committee. On February 11, 1957, the Butler bill (S.1140) was reintroduced in the current session of Congress. The Defense Department has supported the bill.

In effect this bill would extend the present Industrial Personnel Security Program (which theoretically is limited to those working on classified material) to all employees who are working in any plant, factory, or facility that might be important to national defense in time of an emergency. This could include any factory, airport, telephone or telegraph system, train station—even a newspaper, radio station, or textile mill—that the Secretary of Defense decided was a "defense facility."

When the President declared an emergency, any persons working in these so-called defense facilities could be barred from them if there were "reasonable ground to believe they may engage in sabotage, espionage or other subversive acts." The bill does not define what constitutes "reasonable grounds" or "other subversive acts."

Administration witnesses for the bill indicated that an emergency could be declared just as soon as the bill passed Congress.

Tom Harris, assistant general counsel of the AFL-CIO, testifying in 1955 for the former Congress of Industrial Organizations, stated: "If the program the bill authorizes is ever put into effect we will have taken a long step towards requiring that every worker carry a police card attesting to his loyalty in order to get work. And if that ever happens, we will have exchanged the freedom of American democracy for the tyranny of a police state."

In his recent report reviewing a year's operations under some of the revised regulations of the Industrial Personnel Security Program, former industrial security chief Jerome Fenton, now chief counsel to the National Labor Relations Board, praised his old outfit for the good work it has done in cutting down the number of injustices involved in the execution of a government security program. The Kreznar case and the security loopholes it points up show that the job is far from being good enough.

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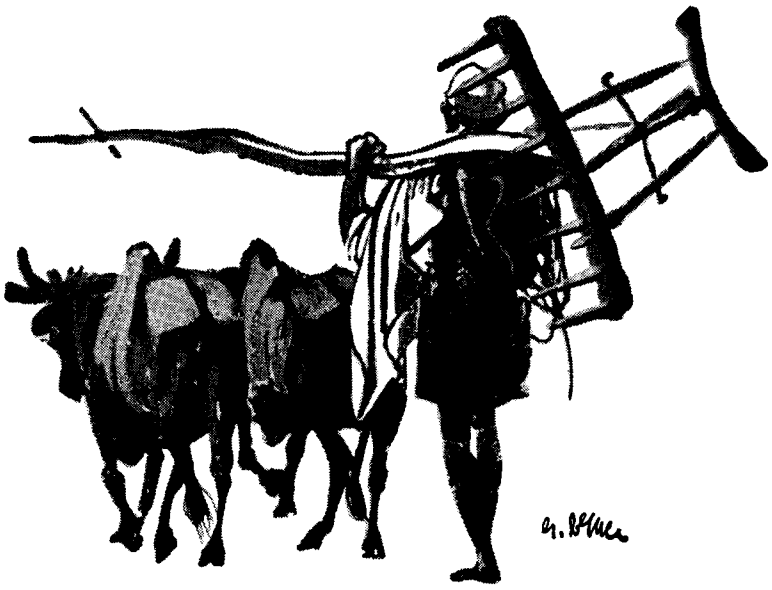

Why the Communists Won in Kerala

ARTHUR BONNER

KERALA, formerly Travancore-Cochin, the smallest and most densely populated state in India, is a place of oddities. It is a land of spices and coconut palms on the southwest (Malabar) coast, with white beaches washed by the Arabian Sea. Many of its temples resemble Chinese pagodas. It contains the site of Ophir, whence Solomon imported his sandalwood and peacocks. There are Jews in Kerala who claim that their ancestors immigrated in the fifth century B.C. There are Christians who claim that their ancestors were personally converted by the Apostle Thomas in the first century A.D. There are Hindu families who live under a strict matriarchal system.

And now there is a new curiosity: Kerala is a place where Communists protest their devotion to parliamentary democracy and where—even odder—the people were sufficiently beguiled to put the Communists into power in a free and fair election. After elections in February and March of this year the Communists took over the government in Kerala.

The feuding and factionalism of the Congress Party, which held 105 out of 106 seats in the first State Assembly of Travancore in 1948, gave the Communists their big chance. The Communist Party had been proscribed after widespread sabotage and insurrection in early 1948, and all the leaders were either in jail or hiding from the police.

The Congress Party thereupon frittered away its initial advantages by its officials' sheer inability to get along with one another. Personalities and family groups often counted more than principles. Linguistic divisions lent substance to the personal bickerings: The southern districts are inhabited by Tamils, who claimed they were treated as second-class citizens by the state's majority Malayalee population.

The Way of Disunity

The first Congress Ministry was headed by Pattom Thanu Pillai. Within three months he got into a public argument with two of his Cabinet members. This was patched up, but three months later another quarrel broke out and Thanu Pillai resigned both his office and his membership in the Congress Party. He once declared that he would never allow socialism to take root in his state, but soon after resigning he became leader of the local Socialist Party.

He was succeeded by T. K. Narayana Pillai, who also became involved in squabbles. He kept changing his Cabinet. Congress members kept quitting the party in a huff to join the Socialists or other minor groups. Every Cabinet change and every party resignation brought charges of favoritism or corruption.

By the time the 1951-52 general elections were held, the Congress Party was badly weakened. Meanwhile, the Communist Party had been legalized, and it emerged as the second largest component of the new Assembly. The Congress Party did not get a majority and so had to form a government by making alliances with other groups. But still Congress Party members did not recognize the threat from the Left; they resumed their squabbling. The government collapsed in 1953 when Tamil assemblymen from South Travancore withdrew their support from the Congress Party. The Assembly was dissolved, and the state was placed under President's Rule—that is, it was administered through a civil servant appointed by New Delhi.

NEW ELECTIONS were held in 1954. Again no party gained a majority. The Congress was the largest single party, though weaker than before, and the Communists were in second place and slightly stronger. In a chastened mood, the Congress Party gave its support to a government formed by the Praja Socialist Party of Thanu Pillai, even though the P.S.P. held only seventeen seats in the Assembly, which then had 117 members. However, fighting and backbiting broke out yet again. The Congress Party withdrew support and the P.S.P. government fell. The Congress Party then formed other alliances and tried to rule, but this did not last long—the government collapsed in 1956 when six Congress Party members resigned. The state again went under President's Rule.

The voters felt frustrated; they had lived through six Ministries in eight years. On two occasions they

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were without self-government at all, and this feeling contributed to the Communists' success. It was as if the people said: "We gave the Congress Party a chance and it failed. The Praja Socialists also failed. Now let's try the Communists."

The Communist Appeal

The Kerala Communists based themselves mainly on the rural peasantry rather than urban workers. The Kerala peasants are badly off. A great majority of the people depend on agriculture for their livelihood, but only half of the farmers own land. Those who own land do not have enough; fifty per cent of the holdings are one acre or less and another twenty-five per cent are between one and two and a half acres. All these holdings constitute less than twenty-four per cent of the cultivated area. Yet the Congress Party did almost nothing about the land problem while it was in office. The Praja Socialists tried to get a land-reform measure passed but their government fell before the law could be enacted. The P.S.P. charged that Congress conservatives deliberately sabotaged the government in order to forestall reform.

The Communists also paid special attention to the large community of the Ezhavas. These people were once worse than untouchable—they were unapproachable. As recently as 1937 the Ezhavas in one part of the state were not allowed to come within thirty-two feet of a Brahman. Nairs, who are not even Brahmans, used to emit a loud grunt before turning a corner so that any Ezhava approaching from the other side could get out of the way. Such practices are now forbidden by the Indian Constitution, but the Ezhavas retain bitter memories.

Almost everywhere you go in Kerala you find that Communists are taking advantage of old grievances. During the independence movement, the Congress Party gained popular support against the British by favoring the creation of linguistic states. But when the Congress Party took power in India it began to temporize, fearing that linguistic states would increase regional rivalries and weaken national unity. This only made the issue more appealing to the Communists. In Kerala as elsewhere, they agitated for linguistic states and picked up popular support.

In the Malabar area the police used strong-arm methods on Communists in 1947 and 1948. Unfortunately, they often failed to distinguish between the real agitators and poor peasants who had genuine grievances against landlords. The Malabar peasants still tell stories of those days—and they vote Communist.

The coir workers of Alleppey, who earn about twenty-five cents for a ten-hour day husking coconuts to make fibers for mats and rugs, also have bitter memories. The Communists began organizing the coir workers for many years.

The percentage of educated unemployed in Kerala is the highest in the nation. The principal of a teachers' training college in Trivandrum estimated that of more than thirty thousand graduates a year fewer than three thousand find employment befitting their training. Washermen are called *dhobis* in India; by caste they are untouchables. There is a hotel in Kerala where the *dhobi* is a college graduate—and he probably reads Marxist literature while waiting for the clothes to dry.

The Communists have recruited thousands of the educated unemployed and use them to maintain contact with the masses. If a peasant has a complaint, a Communist worker tries to direct the grievance against the Congress Party. If an illiterate tenant farmer is threatened with eviction, the Communists are willing to supply an educated man to draw up his complaint and a lawyer to argue the case in court. There have been instances where Communist lawyers championing the cause of the poor have been opposed by Congress lawyers representing the landlords.

THE COMMUNISTS have won over some of the most popular men in Kerala. E. M. S. Namboodiripad, the Communist Chief Minister, comes from a respected family of Namboodiri Brahman landholders. M. N. Govindan Nair, the leader of the state Communist Party, began as a "constructive worker"—that is, he worked in the villages in Gandhian style to build schools and improve roads and crops. Govindan Nair is the son-in-law of K. M. Panikkar, India's Ambassador to France. Both Govindan Nair and Namboodiripad, along with almost all other leaders of the Kerala Communist Party, were once Congress members. They were closely associated with a faction within it called the Congress Socialist Party—a group that had the encouragement of Prime Minister Nehru. A. K. Gopalan, who has twice been elected to the national Parliament by overwhelming majorities, was a member of the Congress Party's national executive committee from 1934 to 1939.

Communist leaders in Kerala are admired for their simplicity. They keep only a small part of the salaries they earn in Parliament or the State Assembly and turn the rest over to the party. They don't travel around in big cars or live in big houses; they adapt their style of living to the standards of the poor rather than the rich.

Mr. Nehru's Part

Nehru's foreign policy has helped make Communism respectable in the eyes of the people. He visited Red China and Russia, and although he never praised Communist methods, he often speaks highly of the economic advances achieved under Communism in those countries. A tumultuous welcome was organized for Bulganin and Khru-

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shchev—even schoolchildren were drilled in how to cheer and throw flower petals. At the time, Congress leaders claimed they were taking support from the Communists by focusing public attention on Soviet support for the Congress government. They overlooked the fact that the people were cheering Communists, not Congress members.

The Kashmir dispute was reopened in the midst of the election campaign. Indians complained that Britain and the United States supported Pakistan, their military ally, in order to punish India for its neutralism. It was also emphasized that Russia had long backed India's claims to Kashmir.

Nehru has attacked the Indian Communists—but only sporadically. While campaigning in Kerala he said the Communists were a "completely reactionary party" deriving their inspiration from "foreign sources." But just a few months earlier he told a group of his own party members that the Hindu communal parties were "worse than the Communists." He said the communalists had no faith in democracy like that of the Socialists "or others."

Indians have never been taught that Communism is a real and constant threat to democracy. Instead, they have been told that the Communists could be reformed. Former Labor Minister Khandubai Desai once said that if the Communists were "genuinely prepared to join us in rebuilding the country through peaceful and democratic methods, we have no objection in clasping their hand in co-operation." That is what happened in Kerala: The Communists extended their hand in co-operation and the people reached out to shake it.

Boring from Within

The Communist Party line changed significantly in April, 1956, when the party held its fourth congress at Palghat in the Malabar district of Kerala. It adopted a resolution saying: "Every step that is taken by the government for strengthening national freedom and national economy against imperialist, feudal, and monopoly interests will receive our most energetic and unstinted support." At another point it said: "In order that the Communist Party may . . . play its rightful role as the builder and spearhead of the democratic movement, it must come forward as an independent national force. It must act as a party of opposition in relation to the present government."

The Communists thus decided to bore from within the democratic system. The decision was a wise one, for the economic and social objectives outlined by Nehru and his political advisors in New Delhi are radical enough for most Indians. In fact, they are too radical for many Congress Party members who attend national meetings and listen to Nehru outline plans for a socialist society and then return to their home states and quietly pigeonhole many of his suggestions.

The Communists now say they will "work within the framework of the Constitution and the recommendations of the Planning Commission." They no longer make radical promises about solving the land-reform problem in Kerala; there is no talk of confiscating property or shooting landlords. They merely promise to carry out the recommendations of the Planning Commission by imposing a ceiling on holdings and by fixing rents at no more than one-quarter of the value of the crop. Kerala tenant farmers currently pay as much as eighty per cent of their produce as rent.

Springboard to Power?

Govindan Nair admits that the Communists cannot create a revolution in Kerala by working within the Constitution. But they are looking beyond Kerala; they hope to use this one small state as the springboard from which they can leap to power throughout India. As Govindan Nair put it: "If we administer without corruption and the people realize that all the propaganda directed against us by various agencies is false, we will be able to gain the confidence of the people elsewhere in this country." The Communists know that their main obstacle is the fear of many people about what the Communists will do when they achieve power. In Kerala they will try to prove that the wolf is nothing but a sheep.

It was comparatively easy for Nehru's government to arrest thousands of Communists and outlaw the party when it attempted a violent revolution in Hyderabad. But what can it do when the Communists say they are just another democratic party and pledge themselves to the Constitution? If the Congress Party government in New Delhi reduces aid to Kerala in order to weaken the Communist state government, the Communists can tell the people that they are being punished for exercising their democratic right of ballot. If the central government increases financial assistance to Kerala in order to solve some of the economic ills that helped breed Communism, the Communists will say this proves they are able to get more money than the Kerala Congress Party was ever able to get. And if the Congress Party suddenly began to make an issue of mass executions in Red China or the absence of free thought in Russia, it would hamper Nehru's efforts to maintain friendship with these countries.

The Congress Party's only hope is that the Communists will reveal themselves as wolves in disguise and that in conciliating some groups they will antagonize others. The Congress Party is far from being wiped out in Kerala; it managed to pull thirty-five per cent of the votes and lost many seats by margins of only a few thousand. Congress leaders in New Delhi hope that their Kerala colleagues have learned their lesson and will spend less time on feuds and more on working among the people.

This is entirely possible—but it is also possible that the Communists will provide a stable and efficient government and that people who once voted negatively against the Congress Party will vote positively for the Communists next time. Moreover, the Communists will infiltrate into the police and the civil service. Within the next few years, there will be Communists holding positions in every village in Kerala.

It has been demonstrated that the Communists can be voted into power through free and fair elections. It has yet to be demonstrated that the Communists will allow equally free and fair elections that might result in their being voted out of power.

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The 'Prison Graduates' Take Over Ghana

JOHN SOMERVILLE

GHANA was born at midnight on March 5, when the British African Colony of the Gold Coast and a part of the mandated territory of Togoland became the first independent Negro Dominion within the British Commonwealth.

The birth was announced in these words to the cheering crowds assembled on the old polo ground in Accra: "At long last, the battle has ended. And thus Ghana, our beloved country, is free forever."

The man who made the announcement had a flame in his voice and a tear in his eye. He was Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister. And yet only half an hour earlier, inside the National Assembly Building, this same man had been making a quiet, austere, closely reasoned, statesmanlike speech in which all his country's future possibilities and problems were presented with Churchillian candor.

Out here on the platform above the polo ground, Nkrumah was now wearing a strange little white cloth cap, embroidered with the letters "P.G." The cap would have looked comic if there had been anyone else's eyes or brow beneath it; but there was nothing particularly funny about the significance of the letters. They stood for "Prison Graduate"; and they were a stubborn reminder that throughout 1950 Nkrumah had been imprisoned by the British authorities for promoting an "illegal strike."

Today, in 1957, the man who had been the guest of His Majesty in jail was acting as host to Her Majesty's representative—Queen Elizabeth's aunt, the Duchess of Kent, who had come to open the new Parliament of the new nation.

In those six years, history had galloped on the Gold Coast. So much so that the Ghana National Anthem, played for the first time in public on the polo ground that evening, had been finally selected only a few days before Independence Day.

As Nkrumah brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, an Oxford voice in the crowd behind me said: "That man's really two different people. A case of dual personality. Could be very worrying, that."

After it was over, I said to the Oxford voice: "If you mean he's a demagogue as well as a statesman, wasn't Lloyd George?"

"I've been here for eleven years," said the voice. "This isn't Wales, brother. This is Africa."

SOME OBSERVERS watched that birthday night with great hope, others with great anxiety. Since the reasons for hope seem to be far more potent than the reasons for anxiety, let us take the anxieties first.

Both hope and anxiety come in two different wrappings—political and economic. It was in the south of Togoland that the political anxieties first erupted, in the very week of independence.

There, during those seven days, at least five persons were killed, twenty-three (including five policemen) were wounded, and eight arrested in disturbances in the Kpandu and Hohoe districts. The disturbances arose because supporters of the Togoland Congress Party, who had been outvoted 92,775 to 66,529 in their opposition to the union of Togoland with Ghana during the U.N.-sponsored plebescite of May, 1956, started to tear down independence decorations and Ghana flags. They also started to cut telephone wires and to set up armed training camps and assault courses in the bush.

This led the government to draft mobile police forces into the area, and to order house-to-house searches for arms. These mobile forces had been formed as riot squads after the 1948 anti-European riots and looting in Accra, which were touched off when a white police officer shot three Gold Coast ex-servicemen who were heading a procession with the intention of presenting a petition at Government House.

The mobile forces had been trained in a rough school, and the way they carried out their house searches in southern Togoland during independence week was probably rough indeed.

But the government took the view that the will of the majority, as expressed by the plebescite, must be implemented. The minority who didn't feel like celebrating needn't celebrate, but they must not interfere with the majority who did.

THE TROUBLE in southern Togoland, though limited, immediately stimulated the latent anxieties in Ashanti. There nearly all the chiefs and many of the tribe-conscious population had long mistrusted the intentions of their politically astute cousins on the Coast, who had contrived to secure a majority in the general election under the adroit and, according to the Ashantis, not so scrupulous leadership of Nkrumah.

To shake off the domination of the British only to fall under the domination of the "Verandah Boys" in semi-Europeanized Accra, with its fancy government buildings and its posh Ambassador Hotel—this had formed no part of the aspirations of the Ashanti chiefs, who have an ancient warrior tradition.

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"They *say* that this one-chamber Parliament is democratic," one of the chiefs said to me in Kumasi, the Ashanti capital. "They say that this Constitution makes us a democracy. They say that the Nkrumah government is temporary, that it can be turned out in an election. Well, tell me this: What Prime Minister of any other democracy, in which the government is temporary, sticks his own face on the country's postage stamps?"

Miss Ashanti Regrets . . .

The new postage stamps had indeed caused renewed murmurs of "dictatorship" from members of the National Liberation Movement, one of the two main opposition parties, whose main electoral strength lies in Ashanti and whose principal anxieties are political ones. The other chief opposition party is the Northern People's Party, whose principal anxieties are economic—expressing themselves in an unending, entirely understandable concern about the underdeveloped condition of the Northern Territories.

The Northern People's Party has fifteen Members of Parliament; the National Liberation Movement has twelve; the Togoland Congress two; and the Federation of Youth Organization, the Moslem Association Party, and the independents one each. As against this coalition, Nkrumah's Convention People's Party has seventy-two Members of Parliament, including eight of the twenty-one who sit for Ashanti and eleven of the twenty-six who sit for the Northern Territories. In the 1956 election, the C.P.P. won a total of 397,941 votes and the combined Opposition 298,967.

These figures can be used to attempt to prove several different things. The National Liberation Movement believes they show that single-chamber government, without adequate safeguards, can easily degenerate into a permanent single-party government. The word "Hitlerian" is sometimes mentioned in this connection.

The N.L.M. also accuses the Prime Minister of trying to weaken the Ashanti nation still further by dividing it. That is to say, by setting up in Ashanti, as a rival to the established and traditional Asantehman Council, a "so-called Brong-Kyempin Council which the government knows only too well has no status in law, tradition, or custom."

There the matter rests, uneasily. Frivolous though it may sound, it is probably not without significance that when the finals for the Miss Ghana competition were held in Accra during Independence Week, all the regional beauty competition winners—Miss Western Region, Miss Accra, Miss Eastern Region, Miss Northern Territories, and Miss Trans-Volta Togoland—turned up for the judging, with the single exception of Miss Ashanti. Miss Ashanti sent her regrets.

THE POLITICAL anxieties of Ghana, then, are fairly localized. The economic anxieties are both local and general. The most pressing local ones are concerned with the poor soil and the primitive conditions in the North. There, the Dagomba

peoples of Northern Togoland are happy at being reunited with the rest of their tribe in the Northern Territories; but they still have practically no water, not enough roads, not enough doctors, not enough teachers. Above all, the Northern People's Party members feel that they have not enough attention from the faraway coastal-minded government in Accra, where the roads are well paved, the water is piped, the tsetse fly does not exist, and railroads do.

The government agrees that the north should have an urgent priority of development; but where is all the money to come from? It is here that the local economic anxiety links with the national economic anxiety.

By and large, Ghana has a one-crop economy. The crop is cocoa, which provides two-thirds of the country's overseas income. Ghana is the world's largest producer of cocoa, turning out an average of 228,000 tons a year. No fewer than 300,000 peasant farmers are engaged in the industry. (All Ghana farms, like all Ghana lands, are and have always been African-owned. When this point was disputed in the nineteenth century by various European traders, Queen Victoria came out with a forthright royal proclamation that she would rather have her Gold Coast people's loyalty than their lands.)

During recent years, when cocoa prices stood high on the world market, a substantial part of the cocoa revenue was steered, by means of controls and marketing boards, directly into schemes of national development. Some ten per cent of the nation's annual income was forcibly saved and invested in this way. Now that cocoa prices have become depressed, the problems of a one-crop economy appear almost alarming. (The average annual per capita income in Ghana is no more than $140.)

The Volta River Project

Has Ghana no industrial second string? It could have one—at a price. The country is rich in bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is derived. It also possesses, in the Volta River, a huge untapped source of hydroelectric power.

By building a dam and hydroelectric power station at Ajena on the Volta, electricity could be provided, not only for a vast aluminum industry but for a hundred times the number of consumers now served by the Electricity Department. At the same time, a three-thousand-square-mile artificial lake could be created, with great potentialities for irrigation in the parched north, for fisheries, and for water transport.

This *could* be done. And it would pay to do it, if today's prices for aluminum were maintained. In that case the exported output of the Ghana aluminum smelter would be worth as much as all Ghana's other exports—except cocoa—put together.

How much would it cost? The public works involved (railroads, a connecting harbor at Tema, roads, bridges, resettlement of displaced persons) would cost $176.4 million at first and $25.2 million later. All these public works would be built and paid for by Ghana.

The Volta dam and power station would cost $179.2 million at first, and $11.2 million later. This cost would

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be shared between the British government and the Ghana government. The British government's investment, repayable over eighty years, would ensure it a supply of aluminum for which it could pay in sterling instead of, as now, in Canadian or U.S. dollars.

The smelter would cost $162.4 million at first and $92.4 million later. The British government would have a nonprofit share in the smelter. The profit-paying shares would be divided between Ghana and the aluminum companies—in proportions that would be the subject of crucial negotiations.

So there the project lies. A preparatory commission has reported that it is economically sound and technically feasible. At an Independence Week press conference the Prime Minister exclaimed fervently, "The Volta River project is my baby and my ambition!" All the same, he has made it clear that he is not going to be rushed into it. His dilemma is best stated in his own words:

"Such a plan might well involve our country in sweeping changes, and, if embarked upon, must inevitably call for some sacrifice, and restraint, during the period of construction. Although this period might be insignificant, when compared with the life of the dam and the power project, and although the sacrifices might be small, when compared with the advantages ultimately to be derived from the project, it cannot be denied that the country will have a very difficult decision to make as between the present and the future."

And, of course, there will be other and allied difficult decisions to make, such as what kinds of foreign investment capital to accept—and whether to accept the invitations to visit Moscow that are just starting to come in.

IF THE ANXIETIES of Ghana center around Nkrumah the veteran agitator, the hopes of Ghana center around Nkrumah the dedicated statesman.

What hopes are there of removing the causes of political anxiety in Togoland and Ashanti? As to Togoland, Nkrumah (like most Ghanaians) feels that the U.N. plebescite settled the matter as far as it could be settled. Even if the minority don't like it, they must try to get used to it.

But the trouble in Ashanti—and the National Liberation Movement's accusation that the Ghana government is trying to divide the Ashanti nation by setting up a rival Brong-Kyempin Council—is a very different sort of problem. No one really knew the government's intentions until Nkrumah suddenly announced, at (oddly enough) an Independence Week press conference that the government planned to hold a referendum throughout the whole of the Ashanti country, to settle the matter once and for all. Whether anything can be settled once and for all in the Ashanti country remains to be seen.

Moderation at Midnight

The timing of this announcement—like the timing of all Nkrumah's strategic or tactical actions in his campaign for independence—was surprising but masterly. So was the timing of the speech in which he confronted his people with the grave facts of their future economic life under independence—it was delivered in the Assembly the very hour before the Union Jack over the National Assembly was due to be hauled down and the red, green, and gold flag of Ghana was to be run up in its place.

The pre-midnight speech was moderate and sobering indeed: "Within the space of a few minutes, our colonial association with Britain

will disappear and our new association with the Commonwealth, based on absolute equality and friendship, will begin . . .

"Our foreign policy shall be based on three words: Dignity, Peace, and Friendship. . . . Our aim is to work with others to achieve an African personality in international affairs. . . . While it is most important for us to attract private investment, it is equally important that we prove ourselves credit-worthy to national and international financial organizations. It is, among other things, for this reason that the government proposes that immediately after independence there shall be a period of financial and economic consolidation. . . ."

THERE SPOKE the Prime Minister. But here speak some of his electors, some of the men in the street who were questioned, just before March 6, by the African magazine *Drum*, on the subject of what they thought *they* stood to gain from independence. Said Kojo Mensah, a thirty-six-year-old Accra carpenter: "The Cocoa Marketing Board will distribute its £60-million reserve among us. That makes £12 each." Said Sule Grunshie, a man from the Northern Territories: "I've never liked the police. Now the white man is going, this will mean the end of his prying policemen." Said Dauda Majidi, a twenty-three-year-old newspaper seller: "Everyone's wondering how the new Ghana banknotes will be put into circulation. I know. We're going to get £50 each—free."

That is one measure of the problem that Nkrumah has to face. What are his chances of facing it successfully?

A Study in Statesmanship

Seven years ago, I would say, the statesman and the agitator were conducting, inside the personality of Nkrumah, a more or less equal struggle for supremacy. But over the years, the agitator has become almost quiescent; the statesman has matured and conquered. Mostly, no doubt, this has been due to Nkrumah's own determination and ability to integrate his own character. But I suspect that there has been something else.

"Great" is a profligate word. Yet I am certain that in Ghana today there are two men who can be called truly great.

Very little is known officially of the friendly relations that have developed, over the years, between Dr. Kwame Nkrumah and Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, who until March 6, was Governor of the Gold Coast—that is to say the fountainhead of

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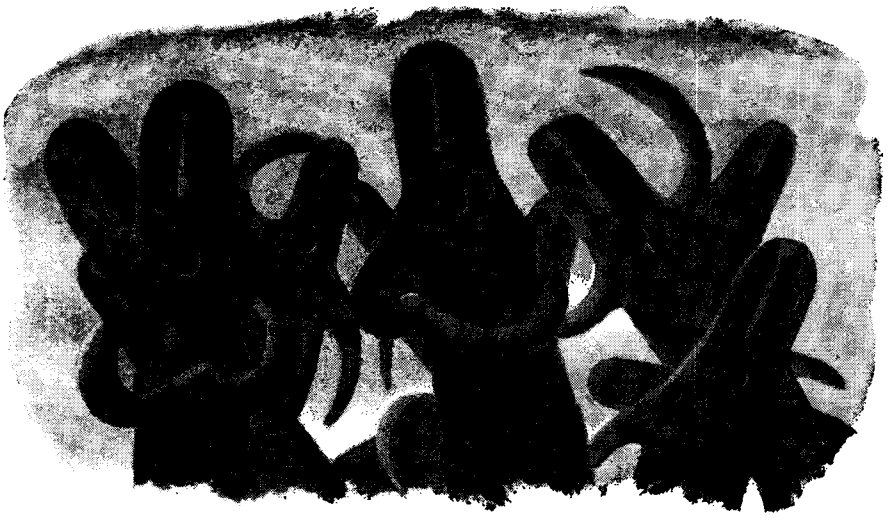
real power in the Colonial Administration—and who has now become the Governor-General, a Constitutional, and well-liked, figure-head in the new independent Dominion.

Nkrumah speaks in his autobiography of his "friendship" with Arden-Clarke, and leaves it at that. But one might guess that the first seeds of that friendship were sown on the day in 1951 when, while Nkrumah was still locked up in prison, the party of which he was leader won thirty-four out of thirty-eight possible election seats in the new Assembly, and Arden-Clarke had the wisdom and foresight to summon Nkrumah straight from prison to Government House, where he asked him to form the first government of African Ministers in the Gold Coast.

ONLY six years later, on March 6, 1957, a few hours after the final transfer of power to the "Prison Graduates" and their colleagues, Arden-Clarke was addressing the new free Parliament of Ghana, on the occasion of his swearing-in as Governor-General. He spoke, as he usually speaks, softly, benevolently, and paternally, pausing only once to throw a warm glance toward Nkrumah on the front government bench.

"Here," he said, "'thanks to the statesmanship of the political leaders, particularly of the Prime Minister, and the good sense and good will of the Chiefs and people, nationalism and colonialism have worked in partnership, a genuine partnership, animated by forbearance and mutual understanding, towards a common objective. Of her own free will, this country has chosen to remain with the British Commonwealth of Nations, and she has been welcomed as a member by all the other members. In so far as the birth of Ghana today is the natural outcome of British colonialism, I am proud to be a British colonialist."

If the quality of the attendant physicians has any decisive bearing on the future health of a baby, then the infant Ghana is fortunate indeed to have been blessed at the moment of its birth with the attentions of Kwame Nkrumah and Sir Charles Arden-Clarke.



VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Fetish And the Water Buffalo

JAY JACOBS

NEARLY three-quarters of a century have elapsed since Paul Gauguin blazed into the wilderness of "primitive" art the trail that Picasso's generation was to pave and the next was to disfigure with a plethora of contradictory signposts and billboard advertising. Today's militant art lover chews such terms as Ife, Sepik River, Balubas, Kwakiutl, and Toltec as nonchalantly as a man eating salted peanuts at a cocktail party, letting them roll off his tongue as easily and glibly as he once did Umbrian, Gothic, Flemish, Pre-Raphaelite, and impressionistic. The *objets d'art* of cultures radically differing from our own are no longer looked at somewhat askance as they were a generation or so ago when, along with ivory back-scratchers, tattooed mermaids, and shrunken heads, they were among the staple constituents of the booty amassed in far places by souvenir-hunting sailors. Today we prize a crude clay pot from Mexico or Peru as highly as our parents did a fine piece of Wedgwood or a Ming vase, and the inscrutable masks of aboriginal tribesmen stimulate our painters and sculptors just as the Japanese block print once inspired Monet and van Gogh.

In view of this eminence that has been thrust upon the arts and crafts of primitive peoples, it seems only fitting and proper that we should have museums in which they can be housed and displayed not as curiosa or as anthropological specimens, but as objects to be considered and appreciated for their aesthetic appeal alone. This seems to be the mission that New York City's newest museum, the Museum of Primitive Art, located a stone Olmec axhead's throw from the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art, has undertaken.

I found this new institution a bit on the smallish side. It is quartered in a remodeled private house just off Fifth Avenue on Fifty-fourth Street and, except for some discreet gilt lettering across its façade, there is little about its exterior to suggest that it shelters anything more exotic than a couple of well-heeled elderly ladies. There is a painted ritual

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mask which from a first-floor window broodingly contemplates the construction of an office building across the street, but I have seen tenants peering out of similar buildings who presented aspects just as startling to the casual passerby.

The great virtue of this museum is that it hardly seems a museum at all. The décor is tasteful and restrained, the galleries small, and the general atmosphere calculated to hold the attention on the works of art themselves and reduce the distractions of their surroundings to a minimum.

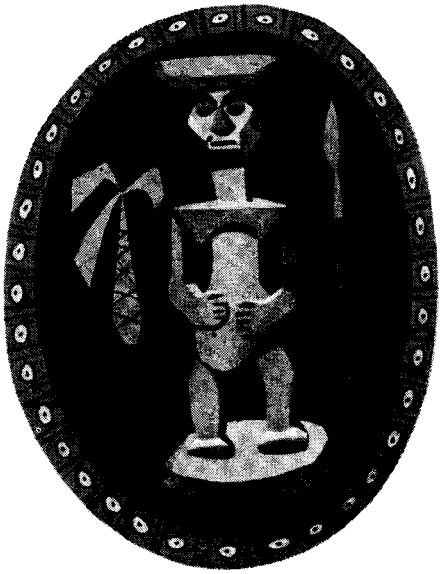
What's in a Name?

In our efforts to "understand" the arts of primitives we are overly fond of drawing what are often forced or imaginary analogies. The contrast here, among the works on view and between them and other works with which we are more familiar, is often far more strikingly marked than the resemblance. Two pieces from Easter Island, both nineteenth-century, are remarkably dissimilar; a fertility figure, all heaving bumps and angles and masses—what parallels can be drawn between it and that slim, elegant little ceremonial paddle downstairs whose lyrical lines and burnished surfaces make the fingers itch to handle it?

We call all these things—African, American, Oceanic, and prehistoric European—"primitive art." We have also at one time or another characterized as "primitive" such wildly disparate creations as Hieronymus Bosch's "The Garden of Delight," designs painted on bark by Australian bushmen, the frescoes of Duccio, ships' figureheads carved by a nineteenth-century Bostonian, "The Sleeping Gypsy" of Henri Rousseau, and barnyard scenes by an old lady living in upstate New York. When a label has become as inclusive as this, it has simply ceased to have practical meaning and may as well be discarded.

But we do not get any further by calling them "indigenous," as the Museum does. That term too is vague and unsatisfactory when applied to works that have been quite obviously influenced either in subject, form, or in the very materials from which they were constructed by the arts and crafts of other cultures. When a native of the Solomon Islands sculpts a man wearing a European derby, he is forced to one degree or another to employ a particular continuum of arabesques that it might never have occurred to him to use had he not been subjected to outside influence. Similarly, the use of brass tacks—introduced to them by Europeans—in the carvings of Congo tribesmen suggests that these pieces could also have been more indirectly (and more significantly) influenced.

There has been lately an increasing tendency in authoritative circles to believe that a good deal more early intercontinental contact was effected by primitive peoples than we hitherto suspected, and wherever such contact existed we cannot discount the possibility of an exchange of artistic influence. Certainly we know now that "darkest" Africa was never as dark as it was once painted by rhetorical journalists and sixth-grade textbook writers, and that there was considerable intercourse between one native culture and another in addition to traffic between North African and non-African cultures. There is at least a distinct possibility under these circumstances that, in addition to the barter of



gold, ivory, and slaves, there was some exchange of ideas (however subtly or indirectly they may have infiltrated mercantile or military matters) between tribe and tribe, native and outsider—and that the individual forms of artistic expression may not have been quite as insular as we have tended to believe.

The Green World

The great obstacle in the way of presenting most works of art from cultures alien to our own in museums is that, as conceived by their makers, their frames of reference are often so overwhelmingly important—and so different from the "museum context"—that we are simply not seeing these pieces even remotely as they were meant to look. Many writers on art have stressed the fact that such works as Greek or Gothic statuary, products of cultures in which our own is rooted, undergo a considerable metamorphosis when transported from their original settings in time and space. What then must be the effects wrought by the passage of time and sea changes on these "primitive" works which, even were they able to retain the contexts in which they were created, would in many cases be almost inexplicable to us?

Most recent Western art was created as an end in itself, objects to be looked at in no particular time or place; paintings or sculpture conceived by their makers as museum pieces, each "an Iland intire of it selfe" that, placed against any relatively neutral background, would stand on its intrinsic merits. This is hardly what the "primitive" artist had in mind when he set to work with local materials on a ceremonial mask to be used at specific times in a specific place by a (probably specific) fellow tribesman who was to be transformed by it into a specific being with specific powers. Like the eye on the flea that the green grass ultimately grows all round in the children's song, his mask was a small part of a thoroughly integrated, intensely realized whole that included his surroundings and their climate (both figuratively and literally), his fellows and their culture, his religion or magic and its ceremonial, plus all the other arts and objects of art concomitant with his own, and, finally, the green world—or his vision of it—that grew all round. His mask was not like a painting that stops where its frame begins, but rather like a single chip in an unending mosaic on which man and nature

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had been collaborating since the birth of his gods.

To take such a mask and place it inside an indirectly lighted plastic window and consider it as a complete work of art to be judged by standards utterly alien to it is as pointless as it would be to knock all the distinguishing features off a Michaelangelo and display it as a piece of free-form sculpture.

Some years ago, in a patch of jungle in India, I stumbled into a bamboo grove in the center of which was a funnel-like crater, obviously man-made but overgrown with moss. Arranged on its slopes in circular ranks, hundreds of little terra-cotta animals were seemingly engaged in a parade that converged toward the vortex of the funnel. In a silence made musical by the sunlight that filtered through the green filigree of the forest roof and played over the almost imperceptibly moving leaves below, the effect of the moment on me was as sweetly moving as any I have experienced. Labeled "primitive art" and looked at separately in a glass case, any one of those mysterious little figurines (whose meaning and origin I have deliberately refrained from tracing) would seem just about as interesting as, and no more significant than, the lumpy horse your neighbor's child pulls out of a blob of Plasticene.

To See Them as They Are

The mutilation and truncation of works of art is inevitable, and of course it is impossible for any museum to display antique or exotic works as they were meant to be seen, but the fact that a work is seen in a museum does not obligate us to look at it as a "museum piece." Indeed, such an attitude precludes any hope of our deriving any but the most superficial sort of satisfaction from it. In order to "appreciate" the arts and crafts of primitive civilizations we have neither to immerse ourselves thoroughly in the lives and customs of primitives nor to force *them,* by distorting their artistic concepts to make them conform to ours, to "live among" *us* like sophisticates and intellectuals. If we approach these works as free as we can make ourselves of prejudice and preimposed standards of judgment, we can begin to see them as they really are. If we are receptive enough to see a little less—and a little more—than what is put before our eyes, if we stop deluding ourselves with the notion that Cycladic fertility figures look like Klee drawings and Senufo masks look like Picassos (later, we may remind ourselves that the Klees and the Picassos look like *them*), if, finally, we forget that we are civilized people expected to say civilized things about what we see, and if we put off our patronizing attitudes, we may find that some of the old magic with which these pieces were originally invested has not lost all its potency.

We must, if we are ever really to begin to penetrate the mystery of "primitive" art, not lose sight of the fact that much of it is—and was conceived as—mystery, and that to impose objective standards of judgment and appreciation on it is to ensure that we shall never penetrate beyond the wall of peripheral scholarship and theory which we ourselves erect and which keeps us from getting to the heart of the matter—or is it the heart of darkness?

We today have become so determinedly aesthetic that we insist on finding a certain type of beauty in any object that any pundit classifies for us a work of art. We are so inflexible in our pursuit of our own vision of beauty that we refuse to acknowledge that anything we find in a frame, a glass case, or on a pedestal can be strange, bizarre, or grotesque—even when its creator intended it to be so. There is, of course, a certain intrinsic artistry in any piece of work that is well conceived and well executed, but it is simply ridiculous to try to equate the concept of beauty that governed the carving of the Venus de Milo with the concept of ugliness employed by an aborigine when he sets out to make a figure designed to frighten away malignant spirits. As Céline writes somewhere in his long, turbulent *Journey to the End of the Night:* "After all, why should there not be as much possible artistry in ugliness as in beauty? It's one line to take up, that's all."

Occasionally, confronted by a figure from some rudimentary civilization that is—and was meant to be—hideous, even the most relentless art lover experiences a moment of vague insight and sticks at calling an absolute horror "beautiful." It is then that he plays his trump card and dredges up that ultimate obscenity—"interesting."

I saw one chic young woman at the museum sail by a ceremonial flute handle from the Sepik River area so quickly that she couldn't have seen more than a colored blur. "That," she caroled to a gray flannel suit puffing along in her wake, "is interesting. Very interesting." "Yes," her companion murmured with a good deal more sincerity—but without lifting his eyes from her backside—"very."

When next you find yourself standing before some monstrous effigy designed to scare the pants off the Evil One himself, and you feel your face arranging itself into the properly solemn, masklike configurations that preface the murmuring of that death knell "interesting," picture, if you can, one of the tribesmen for whose betterment it was created, tattooed and painted, naked as a snake, with rings in his ears and a bone in his nose, drawling—as you are about to—"Interesting. Very interesting."

My own conviction that much can be derived from exotic art that defies conventional analysis came about a couple of years ago while attending an exhibition of Negro sculpture. As I stood in the middle of a gallery, gazing at a bulbous fertility figure and thinking of nothing more profound than my own empty stomach, I gradually became aware of the strong—and for anyone who has ever experienced it—unmistakable and unforgettable odor of water buffalo. Turning to look for the source of this improbable emanation, I found myself staring into the infinitely blank eyes of a huge, dark, stylized beast with enormous curving horns.

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A Day With Satchmo

DAVID HALBERSTAM

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, the Pied Piper of them all, was still asleep in Atlanta's swank Negro Waluhaje Hotel at 5 P.M., when the concert was supposed to start. Unlike the band, for whom the concert was just another Sunday, the one after Saturday in Jacksonville and the one before Monday in Nashville, the fans—white and black, young and old—were right on time. Some came from Chattanooga, some from Augusta, and some from outlying Atlanta towns. You could tell just by watching and feeling the anticipation that most of them knew Armstrong only as a legend, spinning at 33-1/3 r.p.m. or maybe as a bit player in the movie "High Society."

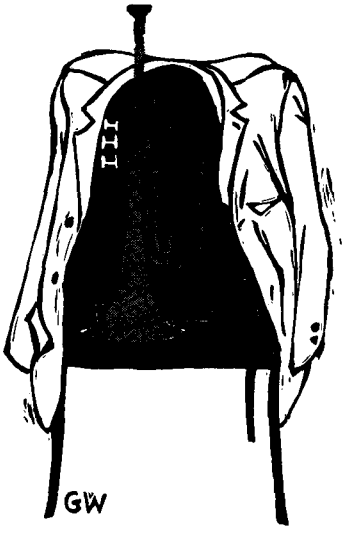
At five-thirty two Georgia Tech students rushed past me. One fumbled through his pockets for the ticket. The other looked annoyed. "This isn't a damn movie, Fred," he said. "Hurry up or we'll miss him."

They saw him, of course. But by all the rules of his calling—the one-nighters, bad sleep, bad liquor, bad food, the whole extravagant life that leaves a man burned out in his prime, unable to summon the lung power and stamina to go on hitting the high notes—the young man from Georgia Tech should have missed Armstrong not by thirty minutes but by ten or fifteen years.

For it is thirty-five years since Louis Armstrong left his native New Orleans to join King Oliver in Chicago, taking much of jazz with him and spreading it all over the nation and then all over the world. He is almost fifty-seven now, still going and still on top. It's like watching Babe Ruth in the era of Mickey Mantle. Atlanta was the twenty-ninth stop in thirty days, and Armstrong had slept for only three hours when he finally came downstairs.

He is unmistakable: first of all the huge mouth, the source of the name Satchelmouth and then Satchmo; then the gleaming white teeth; and finally the quick confident manner.

He came over and sat down and we had barely started exploring his world ("The world's the same all over—there are good cats and bad cats everywhere, mostly good cats") when the good cats arrived and put Louis under siege. Usually celebrity followers are content with a handshake and an autograph. With Armstrong it was different, perhaps because of the grin: Everyone had something to tell him. "Louis, you're a great trumpet man . . . Satch, if you ever see Gene Krupa



tell him you met a guy with 'Gene Krupa' tattooed on his arm . . . I'm a former Mister Universe and I really dig your recording of 'Ole Miss' . . . You're the only trumpet man . . ." When the leader of a young white Dixieland band came over and apologized for playing during Armstrong's time when he hadn't shown up, Armstrong shrugged benignly. Then he popped a mouthpiece between his lips, used the first of a dozen handkerchiefs to wipe his brow, and hustled onstage for his concert.

The band played traditional jazz numbers such as "Muskrat Ramble," "Ole Miss," "Indiana," "High Society," and "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead," but alternated with such conventional pieces as "You Made Me Love You," "After You've Gone," "I'll Never Walk Alone," and "Blueberry Hill." Louis Armstrong can still hit the very high ones and hit them squarely, and he retains that masterful range which distinguished him as a young man in New Orleans and Chicago. Occasionally one feels that he has added a gentle tone that was missing from his early recordings, allowing him more feeling and far greater versatility, and the band complements him very well in this regard. The young bands can boot home the driving numbers, but they lack the ability to slow down for numbers that require subtlety. Trummy Young, the excellent trombone player, captivated the Atlanta audience with his powerful solos, but he also backed up Armstrong's solos and vocals with softness and restraint. Ed Hall, the clarinet man, blended well with the other two horns, and his solo on "You Made Me Love You" was one of the high spots of the evening.

BUT IT WAS Armstrong himself who surprised me. I had gone to Atlanta half prepared to write a twilight-of-career piece about him. It's perfectly true that he paces himself carefully, but the essence of the trumpet is all there, still able to touch a man in almost any mood; and the voice, deep and gravelly, is still expressive, light and flirtatious or deep and sentimental.

"He still projects something special," Trummy Young said after the concert. "I get a spark playing with him that I never had with any other trumpet man. He gets the feeling for his music over, not only to the audience but to his band as well. As for still having it, well, all the other trumpet players are always telling me, 'Cut down, Trummy, cut down, go easy,' but Louis just says, 'Blow, Trummy, blow.' The guy does it every night, and I think he's got a bigger tone, a lot fuller than before. I've picked up timing and pacing by working with him, but what I like best of all is that he's always on top of the trombone, clear and simple, none of this bubbling stuff. There are guys who can blow more notes,

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but I've never seen anyone who can go on top of him."

'I Still Got to Blow'

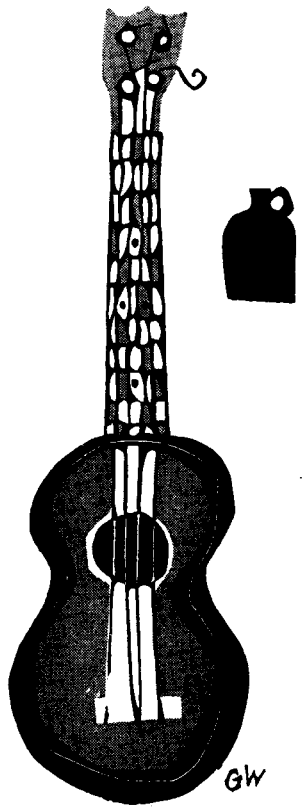
After the concert I had dinner with Armstrong in his room. He had another concert in two hours, so he was both relaxing and getting ready. He was wearing a white towel around his head, a white shirt, a bow tie, and a pair of shorts. His manner and his words ("Ole Satch knows them cats will be here tonight for somethin' good") were almost constantly what he seemed to feel a reporter would expect of him. Only on the subject of music did he go below the surface, and then he would become quite intense, frequently punctuating his ideas with light curses.

I told him it seemed ironic that while people still flocked to his concerts one could listen to the radio for weeks without hearing him. "I know," he said. "That's the same as anything else—politics. Every disk jockey ain't a musician. He follows the fads and the pads. That's too bad, though—tough on the folks who want to hear something besides screaming. The music will survive, don't worry about that. As long as it's good it'll get by, no matter what they try to do. But this rock and roll stuff they play, that's not music. Anyone with a shrill harsh voice can do that. Don't mean nothing. That's why it sounds so bad—there's nothing to it. Man's not feelin' when he's singin'. Hell, there's nothing to feel."

Armstrong looked rested despite his rugged schedule—a few hours' sleep, a concert just finished, another in an hour, then another trip and another city. "These one-nighters aren't so bad," he said. "You gotta take care of yourself. I play them because I love music. I can make it in New York without trouble. But I don't mind traveling and that's where the audiences are—in the towns and cities—and that's what I want, the audience. I want to hear that applause. Hell, I made money when I was a kid driving a coal cart in New Orleans, and I've got all I need now. But I'm a musician and I still got to blow. When I get so I can't blow my horn the way I want, then it gets put down for good."

He watched me taking notes with some displeasure. "Now don't get the idea I'm planning to retire," he added quickly. "Why should I when I feel the same way about sex as I did when I was a kid? No reason to. But I got to take care of myself. Don't forget a man can blow a horn and still be a civilian."

ARMSTRONG got up and gave me a copy of his mimeographed diet and a laxative food called Swiss Kriss. "You ought to take this—best thing in the world," he insisted. "A trumpet man can go on and on, play a lot of music, but he got to be careful. You can't do what you did twenty-five years ago," he said, putting a coating of grease on his lips and throat to prevent any cracks. "Too many of the old-timers could never learn that and that's why they're not around. I learned it. I take care of my teeth. You can't blow a horn with one tooth out. It's



the same all around. You can drink, but you can't drink all day and all night and still keep blowing. And that's what counts, still blowing."

Armstrong continued talking, but started taking vitamin pills from the two dozen bottles on his dresser ("I make enough money to pay for 'em and I've got enough time to take 'em"). He mentioned his travels ("Lotta fine cats over there and Uncle Sam wants to get smart and get in the act fine. Man, those cats coming from behind the Iron Curtain just to hear us--and they don't even know if they're getting back") and offered me a vitamin pill. I swallowed it. "You ought to take the Swiss Kriss too," he said. I protested that I was healthy. "No one's that healthy," he said. "We better go now and talk for those folks downstairs." He gave me some more Swiss Kriss and then we went together downstairs, where for three more hours he played fine trumpet.

The Bus to Nashville

The next morning the musicians began to congregate at about eight-thirty for the bus ride to Nashville. Barrett Deems, the excellent white drummer, and I, who had both stayed in downtown hotels, were the first to arrive. "No damn sleep," Deems complained. "No sleep the night before, none last night, and none tomorrow. At least we spent the night in Atlanta.

"I got a lousy cold," he went on, "and I just called Chicago and my little girl's got the flu. Terrific way to find out about your family. But she's a terrific drummer, only twelve and the principal says she's the most talented kid in the school." Over in the corner the bus driver and the program salesman were arguing over whether Nashville kids were the worst in the country. The program salesman said they weren't. "All I know is that I won't be parking the bus downtown—those kids would knock out every window in it," the driver said. "In fact, I don't think I'll even take it inside the city. I think I'll make all of you walk in."

At nine Armstrong came down, very alert although he had stayed up until four-thirty making tape recordings for future albums. He gave me a hard-boiled egg and bought me a Pepsi-Cola. When I suggested that this was no meal for the early morning, he said, "It don't matter what you eat and when you eat, so long as you don't eat right before you go to bed." (Later, at lunchtime, Armstrong passed out specially prepared chicken and boiled eggs instead of

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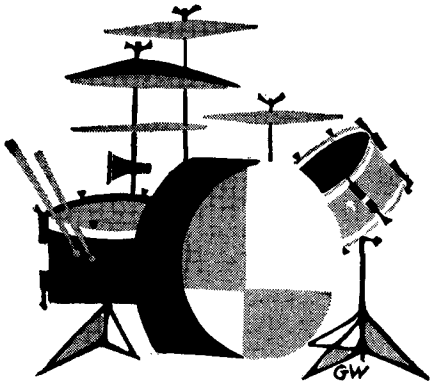
getting out at the stop. "They hammed this Southern cooking up so bad, a man's got to prepare and watch out—can't eat at those places and still live.")

I SAT next to Trummy Young on the bus ride. He asked me where I went to school and what I'd studied. "I guess when and if I quit, I'd like to study music," he said. "You may think it's funny—I'm forty-five now,



but I'd still like to go out there to U.C.L.A. and take music courses. That's something I missed and maybe it wouldn't be too late now.

"But then, we got something Juilliard will never have," he said, sweeping his hand around the bus. "Music was something I always had a yen for and something I grew up with around Savannah. I used to play a horn with my lips and slide my hands up and down a chopped-off broomstick. Then there'd be someone else with a jug bottle to play and a kid with a two-string guitar. I had a neighbor with a phonograph and he was a big important man because records cost a lot of money, thirty-five cents when you could get ham and eggs for ten cents. We'd sit around a room with an old Whiteman record and we'd know the whole arrangement and play it all. It was one of those machines you had to grind. Louis Armstrong was a big star even then." He laughed, pointing to Armstrong, who was dozing in his seat. "He and Kid Ory were my idols. I knew every chorus of those records by heart."

Young kept looking out the window as he spoke, often with his eyes closed but occasionally turning to see if I was following him and occasionally motioning to Armstrong to show that Louis agreed with him that the same childhood which produced him also produced Louis. "When the bands came to Savannah, like the Jenkins Orphanage Band from Charleston, I used to follow them all over town, walking in that second line with my stick and pretending I was a musician. When the medicine shows would come to town I'd run errands for their musicians and then get to listen. In Savannah I knew all the jazzmen in Al Cutter's Snappy Six. I was too young to go inside the hall to listen, but whenever they went on picnics or a boat ride, I'd tag along."

'You Won't See It Again'

We passed through a small Georgia town, and Trummy nodded slowly to show that this was no longer his town and no longer his background. "Somewhere along the line those old bands disappeared. Maybe it was the upkeep—the uniforms made it almost a hobby for a man. Then they modernized the funerals. No more of the tailgate and the horse pulling the hearse. Maybe they're right and Louis and I and all the others were wrong and the old stuff was too flowery. A funeral was a big thing. There'd be a big wake with food and liquor, and the reverend would come in and say a few words and get a good deal to eat and a good deal to drink. I'm glad I saw it and I'm sorry that you didn't, and you won't see it again. They try to capture it in the movies, like 'Pete Kelly's Blues,' but they'll never get it. They'll always be too formal."

He stopped and turned toward me. "You keep asking me questions—I like that. It gives me a chance to say things I might not think to say otherwise. It's not so easy for a guy like me to tell how he feels." It struck me that what he said was true, and that it was part of the essence of Negro jazz. People like Trummy Young get across the important things they have to say in their music, an expression so natural to them that most of them had to go North in order to make a living at it.

In 1930, Young reached Washington, paid nine dollars for a pawnshop trombone that was taped all over, and started playing for a dollar an evening. Like most Negro musicians, Young worked during the days—he was a porter in an apartment building. But he always showed up sleepy and exhausted, and finally he was fired. He thus became a full-time professional trombone man for lack of choice.

"I wouldn't trade it," he said. "I still think all of us were lucky. We had that feeling growing in us as kids, and jazz isn't much besides that feeling, sad or lonely or happy. Christ, they're writing terms of expression on sheet music these days, telling you how to bend a note. You can write down notes for me to play, but you can't tell me what I did as a kid, you can't tell Louis Armstrong what it was like to be a little kid in New Orleans and what it was like for us to grow up. You can't put that down. When we're playing I'm always feeling Louis' mood. On 'Ole Miss' I feel fired up, running hard, everything's out of my way, a clear road at last." As he said this Young's hands pummeled through the air, and that night during the driving numbers he picked his feet up as though marching forward. "Then when we play something like 'April in Paris' I look up and see pretty colors and I try to blend them in the prettiest way I can."

'Jazz Is Only What You Are'

Armstrong, who had been listening to the last part of the conversation, joined us and started talking about the young band that had shared the stand with them in Atlanta. "These kids, they just blow, blow, blow until they fall out. They don't say nothing. They think the more choruses they play, the more they say. You can say plenty with just one." He paused to let that sink in. "I wonder if they know what they're trying to blow. Sure they're young, but where I come from music don't know no age. What they're playing ain't jazz. They got nothing to create, just trying to perfect what's been left behind for them. This kid sees us up there so he decides he's going to blow them out of the joint. So he came in and the horn chewed him up. Music could have been ruined by kids just wanting to blow hard. They're posing, heard some stories and so they're trying to be something they're not.

"Look, you don't pose, never. That's the last thing you do, because

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the minute you do you're through as a jazzman. Maybe not as a musician, but jazz is only what you are.

"It's simple. A lot of slaves came over and a lot died on the way and so they had a pretty sad life at first. 'Oh, our troubles,'" he sang. "Well, that's two notes. Then you expand, a few ideas, some food for thought, maybe what happened to you and some chick, always something that's happened to you—the blues, depression, my man's gone to another woman—and then you have it. But not these kids today. Take 'You Made Me Love You.' They won't play something like that. Too slow for them. They gotta have something to pop their eyes out. When we hit Savannah we played 'I'll Never Walk Alone' and the whole house—all Negroes—started singing with us on their own. We ran through two choruses and they kept with us and then later they asked for it again. Most touching damn thing I ever saw. I almost started crying right there on the stage. We really hit something inside each person there. But these kids!" he snorted. "I've seen young fellows not thirty years old and they're on the way down. I'm playing for forty-four years now and when they reach my age they'll be lucky to be on a cane." He handed me a medicated toothpick.

THE TALK idled the rest of the way to Nashville. Armstrong proudly showed me the invitation he received to attend the ceremonies at Ghana. He couldn't make it but his wife was representing him. He dug out a telegram he had sent Nkrumah ("MANY MANY BLESSINGS AND HAPPINESS TO ONE OF THE FINEST CATS I EVER MET IN MY LIFE—SWISS KRISSLY, SATCH").

Then he started reading *Ebony*. We discussed it article by article until we came to a piece on the Moore-Patterson fight. Louis said he had watched the fight. "So did I," I volunteered without thinking at first of any connotations. "I was pulling for Archie, but I guess he was just a little too old."

Armstrong stopped and considered my remark. "A good big man can always beat a good little man," he said. "And that's all there is to it."

The Man Who Defies 'Easy Explanation'

DOUGLASS CATER

JOHN FOSTER DULLES: A BIOGRAPHY, by John Robinson Beal. *Harper. $4.50.*

For all its publicity triumphs, the Eisenhower Administration exhibits strange difficulty in providing those first drafts of history on which bona fide historians can practice their craft. So far, not one of the top-drawer officials who have departed has produced a memoir. When reporter Robert Donovan, at the behest of Sherman Adams, wrote *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, it was greeted by an embarrassed silence from those inside the White House—a silence which, according to Donovan, has not been broken to this day. (When this reporter sought to question the President about one of the Donovan book's revelations at a news conference, Mr. Eisenhower quickly veered off on a discussion of Chester Bowles's latest book.)

The chronicling of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's stewardship has been the most perplexing business of all. The two efforts so far—both by employees of the Luce Publications—have followed an almost identical pattern. First, the author, with allusions to private conversations with the Secretary and never-before-revealed information, brings forth a eulogistic and highly dramatic account of Dullesian triumphs in foreign policy. When, inevitably, questions are put concerning the more noteworthy episodes, Mr. Dulles denies, evades, or, with becoming modesty, refuses to discuss what is written about him. The situation is left right there.

That was what happened with James Shepley's thrilling narrative in *Life* in January, 1956, about the three times Dulles practiced brinkmanship. Now we have John Robinson Beal's book, which, among other things, adds yet a fourth episode. This one—the decision to withdraw aid for Nasser's Aswan High Dam—was admittedly a different kind of brinkmanship. Nonetheless, it was "a truly major gambit in the cold war."

"As a calculated risk," writes Beal, "the decision was on a grand scale, comparable in the sphere of diplomacy to the calculated risks of war taken in Korea and Formosa."

Fearless Fosdick . . .

Beal has not been content simply to depict Dulles as a sort of Fearless Fosdick of international diplomacy. He has sought to work out a portrait of the "Peacemaker" whose concepts are "too immense for easy explanation, being no less than the political unity of Western civilization . . . idealistic beyond the normal grasp."

But how to reconcile such idealism with the abundant instances in which baser political motivations have been apparent? Beal answers with a note of condescension: "To those who . . . had not plumbed the combination of traits embedded in the Dulles character—the moral upbringing with the lawyer's requirement of 'getting things done'—the question remained a perplexing one." To many Washington correspondents covering the State Department, it is still a perplexing one.

Beal makes a manful effort to explain why "most of the large group who write about foreign affairs" have developed "a cordial dislike" of Dulles: It is because of personal pique, antipathy toward "the legal mind in action," the instinctive dislike of the critic for the performer. "Dulles, more than any predecessor, personifies U.S. foreign policy . . . ,"

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Beal writes. He is "a dedicated man" who has not sought "to please politicians or get a good press in order to ingratiate himself for further advancement." Beal concludes: ". . . primarily his conduct as Secretary cocked an eye toward the moral judgment of history."

In spots, Beal cannot conceal his pique at those who have sought to pass contemporary judgment. He writes, for example, about the criticism arising from decisions made by Under Secretary Herbert Hoover, Jr., during Dulles's absences: "In the sputterings of the more rabid critics there was unconsciously satiric reflection of their frustration at not being able to alight on their usual victim."

. . . or Modern Joshua?

With such heavy strokes Beal fills out his portrait of a man who has never wavered amid the upheavals of history and the carping of the critics. Even Dulles's "liberation" policy has not changed. It was simply misunderstood. "In short, what Dulles meant and what he specifically defined was an operation no more warlike than Joshua's march around the walls of Jericho. His concept was too simple for general acceptance; his slogan, 'liberation,' was gross oversimplification of what he had in mind."

Beal adds by way of explanation, "One of history's most monstrous oversimplifications is the equation $e = mc^2$. When Einstein produced the formula, it meant nothing by itself to those who had not gone through the enormous calculations behind it . . . 'Liberation' was the distillation of a similar amount of background thought by Dulles . . ." Now if the Hungarians can only figure out Einstein's theory, liberation à la Dulles will be a cinch.

Despite its pretended intimacy, Beal's biography contains only pedestrian explanations about a man who is mightily in need of explaining. In view of subsequent responses to queries made by the Secretary and the President, its so-called exclusives on events of high historical importance are suspect. Despite its special pleading, it doesn't answer many of the important questions historians will be asking about this Administration.

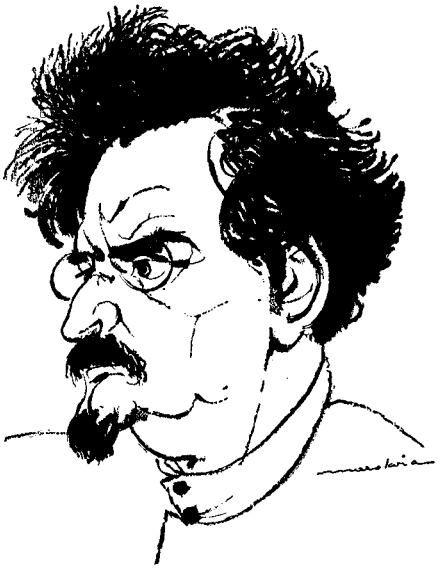
Ten Days That Shook Some Americans

ROBERT BENDINER

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM, by Theodore Draper. *Viking. $6.75.*

Threading his way skillfully through a jungle of sectarian underbrush, Theodore Draper has brought off a triumph of history over polemics. If something like this lucid, detached, and impressively documented study of the Communist Party's early years had appeared in the mid-1930's, perhaps thousands of idealistic young Americans would have been spared a hallucination that was merely unpleasant for some but permanently disabling for others.

To many of my generation, the merest brush with the party in the days of the Popular Front, or even



with its offshoots, was enough to cure us—not because it seemed sinister at the time, but because it was clearly absurd, with its grandiose self-deceptions, solemn pompousness, and suffocating banalities; with its obsequiousness to Moscow and ignorance of America; and above all, with that travesty of the democratic process which it called "democratic centralism" and which was hardly a shade less autocratic than a feudal barony. The full depth of the party's moral and intellectual bankruptcy was to become cumulatively apparent with the Moscow trials, Molotov's reconciliation with von Ribbentrop, and the grand assault on Finland.

This first volume of Mr. Draper's study, which is sponsored by the Fund for the Republic, stops in 1923, twelve years before the Popular Front. But through the historical perspective it provides, that fantastic era yet to come, in which Hollywood millionaires toasted the wretched of the earth in champagne, is made plausible. It was merely the farthest reach of a pendulum that has been swinging between the impotent sectarianism of a revolutionary party and the opportunism of a would-be "popular" party ever since the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917.

No one was more surprised than the Bolshevik leaders when they found power suddenly within their grasp. Less than a month before the Czar's abdication, Lenin was telling a Zürich audience that he probably would not live to see the Russian Revolution. At the same time Trotsky and Bukharin had nothing more stirring to do than discuss the future of American radicalism with some left-wing Socialists in a Brooklyn living room. Trotsky was lecturing here, editing a New York Russian newspaper and boning up on the country as though digging in for a long stay. Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, according to Draper, "was busy tattling on Trotsky and Bukharin to Lenin," who once wrote back, "What a swine that Trotsky is!"

The Cruel Deception

The author is under no lingering illusions concerning the freakishness of the October Revolution. Five months before it, there were only eleven thousand Bolsheviks in all Russia, a fact that is sometimes

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used to blow up the danger represented by a comparable number in the United States. It was not the power of the Bolsheviks that ousted Kerensky, of course, but an infinite weariness with the war, mass starvation, and the natural weaknesses of an inexperienced government. The little band of Lenin's followers had only to preach peace and promise

bread. "We have been accustomed to think and talk of the 'Communist revolution' in Russia," Draper writes. "There was instead a revolution made by Communists. Men took power; no ideal was realized." In the light of what those men did with them, their high-sounding precepts "constitute one of the cruelest deceptions and self-deceptions in history."

The swift success of the Bolsheviks was to put a fatal stamp of absurdity and corruption on the Communist parties everywhere. At first it was believed that what had happened in Russia was an immediate forerunner of more important revolutions elsewhere. Lenin himself expected Germany and England to be Sovietized by 1920 and seriously asked Emma Goldman, "When could the Social Revolution be expected in America?"

Those Americans who were drawn into the pro-Communist orbit almost solely by the hard fact of the Russians' success were indeed the "untheoretical, matter-of-fact Americans" Engels had described some thirty years earlier. Not only were the Socialists, including the right-wingers, thrilled by the October Revolution in those early days—Debs himself at one point proclaimed himself a Bolshevik—but native-stock radicals of every political description began trickling in, men like Foster, Browder, Cannon, Minor, Dunne, and Haywood, who claimed an American heritage that ran back "to the Puritan bigots or the cavalier pirates." If no mass party was required in Russia, the belief ran, it was unnecessary anywhere. All that was needed was "enough revolutionary zeal and purity of doctrine."

From this concept flowed not only a series of savage ideological battles, which Draper treats in scholarly if somewhat overpowering detail, but wholly irrational fantasies. The author cites enough of these to keep a psychiatric clinic running for a year. Trade unions, since they sought only to improve the system, were damned as labor's "archenemy," and Communists were ordered to use the great steel strike of 1919 only to "initiate the dictatorship of the proletariat." With Russia the touchstone for everything, U.S. comrades were directed to "boycott the elections, as the Bolsheviks had boycotted the elections for the second Duma in 1906." One wing of the party feared that contact with the "politically immature masses" might corrupt its revolutionary purity, a grotesque fear since, as the author points out, the masses just then were busily getting set to make Warren Gamaliel Harding their spokesman.

Take Over the Subways

Running for executive office in a bourgeois state was forbidden by the party, and if a Communist was elected to a legislature, he was to denounce all reform measures and confine himself to raising slogans like "Down with the parliamentary sham of capitalism!" and "Hail to the Soviets and real working-class democracy!" Word went out from the Comintern that American soldier-comrades should hang onto their rifles and "use the utmost efforts to oppose the organization of White Guards." And a leaflet of the period urged employees of what was then called the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to "stop asking merely for a little more wages" and instead to overthrow the government and "take possession of the B.R.T."

From this extreme of lunacy the line was to make the first of a long series of overnight shifts. Realizing after a while that no further Bolshevik revolutions were in the cards for a long time, Lenin brought forth his "'Left-Wing' Communism: An Infantile Disorder," and the first United Front drive was on. Ironically, his original miscalculations only made the Russians more dominant. After all, they alone had succeeded and must have the magic formula. Rebellious sects and individuals were quickly crushed, and the American party emerged into the open to woo "the masses," though it was careful to maintain an underground apparatus unknown to the rank-and-file member.

Draper cites the explanation of a Comintern official "that the united front rose whenever the revolutionary wave declined and the united front declined whenever the revolutionary wave rose." Since "frontism" flourished in the 1930's, when the depression brought the U.S. perhaps closer than it had ever come to revolutionary turbulence, there is room for argument on the point.

But certainly the current emergence of a soft line has all the signs of a confession of weakness. It is not likely that many old-timers will succumb to party blandishments today, but for newcomers to American politics of the Left, *The Roots of Communism* offers a necessary perspective that their fathers lacked. To the extent that it is read, Mr. Draper and the Fund for the Republic will have done much to discourage any resurgence of a Popular Front in the 1950's, a contribution perhaps greater than that of those critics of the Fund who are still flogging the dead Front of the 1930's.

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The Sad Passing Of Colonel Blimp

SANDER VANOCUR

LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *Simon and Schuster. $5.*

David Low the writer is almost as delightful as David Low the cartoonist. In this handsome book, filled with photographs and drawings, Low can be seen by his admirers not as the small bald onlooker who hovers on the edges of many of his cartoons, but as an artist who with great humor has constantly tried to follow in the tradition of Brueghel, Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Daumier.

The emphasis on the cartoonist as artist is the peg on which this autobiography has been hung. Everything else—his early life in New Zealand and Australia, his glorious years in London on the *Evening Standard*, his friendship with H. G. Wells—is but adornment to the three pages where Low asserts, without a trace of pomposity, the philosophy that lies behind all that he has ever drawn.

Nothing has infuriated him more in his life than people who have told him "That was a good cartoon" when what they actually meant was that he had thought of a good idea for a cartoon. To him, newspapers and their readers have never given "a damn about Art." But he has always believed that art had nothing to do with the materials or the subject matter at hand. If his cartoons have pleased many people, it is only because they have flattered their prejudices. "Cartooning," he writes, "can be an art, if the cartoonist is an artist; but equally, if the man is not an artist, his cartoons will have no artistry, however witty his ideas."

Low compares himself to the pastry cook who thought that architecture and pastry cooking were the only two arts worth considering, and that of the two, pastry cooking was the more important. Low chose caricature, believing it to be the most important of the arts because it placed the highest premium on two principles that are fundamental to all art: selection and emphasis.

The Wizard and 'Windhi'

During his career, the selection and emphasis have nearly always been willful, often wicked, but seldom malicious. Invariably the intent has been plain, but occasionally the mind has made demands that the talent could not fulfill. One such lapse was Low's confessed difficulty in making David Lloyd George look sinister in a cartoon. "Every time I drew him," Low writes, "however critical the comment, I had to be careful or he would spring off the drawing-board a lovable cherubic little chap." Hardly a proper caricature of the Welsh Wizard, the most accomplished political fighter in modern British history. To put him in the wrong, Low eventually surrounded him with tragedy, an apt setting for a man whose political death preceded his natural one by a quarter of a century.

Churchill, when Low first met him in the early 1920's, also was somewhat of a problem to caricature, mostly because of his eyes, "blue, bulbous and heavy-lidded." As a politician, Churchill was less of a problem. In an amusing passage, Low describes how Churchill in those days used to preach a philosophy of democracy that sounded something like "government of the people, for the people, by benevolent and paternal ruling-class chaps like me."

In spite of this, Low recorded the following impression of him after their first meeting: "Churchill is one of the few men I have met who even in the flesh give me the impression of genius. Shaw is another. It is amusing to know that each thinks the other is much overrated."

For his part, Churchill, at least publicly, was not so generous. In 1931, when Churchill was leading the die-hard Tories in the House of Commons against the government's India Bill, Low drew a cartoon of Gandhi meeting "Windhi," his play name for Churchill. A little later, in his book *Thoughts and Adventures*, Churchill called Low a "green-eyed young Antipodean radical . . . particularly mischievous . . . Low's pencil is not only not servile. It is essentially mutinous. You cannot bridle the wild ass of the desert, still less prohibit its natural hee-haw."

It is no secret, however, that the private Sir Winston has always been a great admirer of his fellow artist. And nothing could have been more affectionate than the delightful drawings Low produced in honor of Sir Winston's eightieth birthday in 1954.

Rise and Descent of Blimp

The greatest achievement of Low's life, and one by which he will surely be remembered, is Colonel Blimp. He was dreamed up in a Turkish bath in 1934 to typify the then prevailing tendency to mixed-up thinking and the desire to have it both ways. After the surname had been settled upon, Low lay back among the clouds of steam to think about a title. What was it to be? Dr. Blimp? Bishop Blimp? Nearby, two gentlemen of military bearing sat telling each other that what Japan did in the Pacific was of no concern to Great Britain. Low suddenly remembered a letter some colonel or other had written to a newspaper that morning protesting the mechanization of the cavalry. The wheels in Low's mind clicked. Colonel . . . Colonel Blimp.

A year later, Low discovered that he had created a monster. As is so often the case with symbols, Colonel Blimp soon became all things to all men. The Left made him its darling. But others were furious. Lord Elton took Blimp to be "an attack upon the military virtues . . . loyalty, courage, endurance . . . discipline." Even that most civilized of men, Harold Nicolson, called him "a vast excuse for deriding authority and justifying disobedience." Writing in retrospect, Low insists that Colonel Blimp was not meant to be taken for a symbol of military stupidity

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alone: He was meant to represent stupidity in any form.

The Colonel, in his Turkish-bath setting, has not been seen for quite a while. When the Second World War ended, Low thought he had become too much identified with prewar attitudes to be used as a symbol for the mental muddles of the postwar period. Perhaps Low was right. But it is sad that we are offered no relief from our current stupidities by remarks like "Gad, Sir, the Maharajah of Kapootle is right. There must be no monkeying with the liberty of Indians to do what they're dashed well told," or "Gad, Sir . . . To give the unemployed enough to eat is to sap their sturdy British independence." «»

They're Still Fighting The Boer War

NOEL MOSTERT

THE ANATOMY OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISERY, by C. W. de Kiewiet. *Oxford. $1.75.*

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Leo Kuper. *Yale. $3.50.*

Of these two volumes, Dr. de Kiewiet's is the smaller—a modest little book that could well escape notice on a crowded counter. Even the dust jacket is unassuming. This camouflage hides the most cogent and precise thesis on South Africa and its problems offered the public on this side of the Atlantic since the flood of material on the subject began almost a decade ago.

Professor Kuper's book, while more flamboyant in its physical appeal, is merely an interesting, highly diverting corollary. Professor Kuper, Professor of Sociology at Natal University, provides an excellent textbook on passive resistance, a movement that some claim to be effective only when applied against an order guided by a firm code of ethics and morality, the classic example always being the Indians' use of it against the British. Passive resistance died pretty quickly in South Africa. It continues to some extent in incidents such as the recent general commuter strike against increased bus fares on the run between central Johannesburg and its "native locations." However, the mass demonstrations and violations of Apartheid have dwindled and almost disappeared.

The value of Dr. Kuper's book lies in its extraordinary documentation and perceptive reporting of the consolidation of a "popular front" among the Bantu, Indian, and—to a lesser extent—mulatto South Africans against the Europeans. This development, the single greatest political fact in modern South Africa, is also one of the least understood either by South African whites or by observers abroad. Unity among the nonwhites of South Africa is not something to take for granted. Divisions among them are immense, any anyone trying to judge the outcome of events there must bear this firmly in mind.

No Oversimplifications

The Union of South Africa has become a most dramatically generalized subject in conversation. When the Nationalist Afrikaner government of Dr. Daniel Malan succeeded that of Jan Christiaan Smuts's United Party in May, 1948, South Africa became to Americans something more than simply the home of General Smuts, world statesman, and Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, international financier.

The first Nationalist preachments and Dr. Malan's subsequent legislative actions drew attention to something that seemed new but which in actual fact was the established order. Dr. Malan's heavy, gloomy personality contrasted to the witty, philosophic Smuts gave the impression that Apartheid and the other evils of the South African structure were new. In the year that Dr. Malan succeeded General Smuts, Alan Paton published *Cry, the Beloved Country* and the serious critical examination began. Paton's book gave an added fillip to the sense of novelty that Americans found in South African events.

The examination since then has been a ceaseless and usually dismal business. As with China, and before that India, South African copy for a while was a sure seller.

The moral was obvious and easy, and this helped bring a certain irrelevance of standards. South Africa as a subject produced some of the worst in postwar journalism and very little of the best. (Albion Ross's sensible reporting for two years in the New York *Times* was an exception.)

We found in China that journalistic oversimplification had merely served to confuse the American public by the time it was called upon to seriously balance the pros and cons in the loss-of-China controversy. A simple historic and economic perspective of Asia, and of China in particular, was lacking.

Next to an underestimation of the Russian temper, one of the greatest of the hidden dangers on the international scene is a lack of such perspective on Africa. Dr. de Kiewiet's book is something to be profoundly grateful for. Dr. de Kiewiet, president of Rochester University in New York State, is a well-known student of African affairs, and his book is not simply an essay in condemnation. It investigates and illumines every shade of gray in the situation. The future of South Africa, he says, is so obscure and opaque that the wise man can do no other than contemplate it with fearfulness but with a determination not to lose hope.

In the first of three lectures that make up the book, the author remarks that "The manner in which the west handles Africa will widen or lessen the opportunities of the communist powers, and influence

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the degree of Asia's reconciliation with the west."

HERE lies one of the essential values of this little book. Dr. de Kiewiet links the South African situation to the rest of Africa and warns that developments elsewhere must be seen in relation to it. South Africa has the most urbanized and sophisticated Negro society in Africa, and this alone has a powerful bearing on thought and feeling in other African territories. Negro nationalism in the north and west will ever be restive while there is oppression in the south.

South Africa certainly will determine the future of much of the southern body of the continent up to and possibly including the Congo. The Union's economic domination and the influence of its political ideas, both African and European, will assure this. South African influence already has pushed the Rhodesian copper belt—the major source of Central Africa's income—toward upheaval and crisis. Then, too, there are powerful groups of resident Afrikaners in Kenya, the Rhodesias, and the Portuguese territories, who take their cue from their nationalist cousins in the Union.

Clearly there can be no perspective on the trend of events south of the Sahara without a thorough knowledge of the South African scene. Prime Minister Nkrumah of Ghana himself once told me this. No African policy can be evolved that is not based upon a thorough and shrewd appraisal of the trend of South African events and their effect upon the rest of Africa.

In immediate relation to this, it was heartening to hear Vice-President Nixon's proposals for an African Bureau within the State Department. He enunciated the outline of a policy for Africa. However, a careful reading of his report on his African adventure leads one to believe that Middle Eastern affairs rather than any particular perspective on Africa guided his thought and action on the subject.

The single concrete fact seems to be his remark that the countries he visited understand American policy on Suez and that they "approve the stand which we took at that time and look confidently to us to act consistently with that stand in the future."

Was Mr. Nixon shopping for a policy or for that comment? Is the emerging U.S. policy on Africa to be a mere extension of its Middle

Eastern policy? Is perspective on African events to be one gained from the banks of the Nile?

Is there to be a separate policy for the Union, the Congo, and the Rhodesias, centers of vast American investment as well as of vital strategic interest? How will Mr. Nixon equate his pledge of shared ideals to north and west Africa with a continued common cause in the south?

These are difficult questions, and it is in answering them that a perspective of Africa's interrelated problems, and the origin of these problems, is required.

Defeat and Discrimination

South Africa, of course, remains the foundation problem. Things are not going to change overnight in the Union. Nicholas Monsarrat in *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* gives the present structure of its society a lease on life of possibly fifty more years. Obviously the component parts of South African society must be thoroughly understood and appraised before any clear policy is evolved for dealing with them.

Dr. de Kiewiet's dissection of that society is masterly. He declares flatly that an understanding of the Boer War is the gateway to most of the issues of modern South Africa. The danger in this statement is that it presumes at least a working knowledge by the reader of South African events before the Boer War. The war did not create the Boer temperament any more than the Civil War in the United States created the Southern temperament. However, as he notes, "The accursed legacy of the Civil War was the anachronistic thought and the historical lag which result when men are preoccupied with defeat and ancient grievance. . . .

"The pain of [the Boer] war left a hunger for a compensating victory, for a retroactive declaration of independence, for some symbolic act of rebellion. . . . Afrikaners with the strongest sense of grievance developed a special feeling of innocence and rectitude, which blocked their ability to envisage a society hospitable to all men, or to discern error in themselves." Thus was Afrikaner nationalism born.

Dr. de Kiewiet's continuing analogy between South Africa and the Southern United States is an interesting element of his book. Racism was greatly worsened in the South by the Civil War, he says. To the same degree, it was part of the humiliation of defeat in the Boer War that it had been inflicted in the presence of an inferior and subject race, of whom the Boers felt they were masters both by conquest and cultural superiority.

Professional Optimism

In spite of his canny recital of the distressing facts of modern South African life, de Kiewiet never loses the traditional optimism of the historian. He retains it in writing of the appalling misery and frustration that confront the South African Bantu. He retains it, too, in describing the strange assortment of principles that went into the making of Apartheid. Apartheid in its various forms, de Kiewiet says, is a transfer of the responsibilities of the living world to a dream world of solved problems. It is the substitution of a wishful simplicity for a real complexity. Its basic premise is that the Africans can seek no remedies and gain no citizenship within white society but only within their own segregated society.

Dr. de Kiewiet feels that the greatest danger Africa faces is hastiness, either in its own people or in those who have taken up the cause of its people. This view is not offered, as it so frequently is, as justification for slackness in political or economic advancement for Africans. "The African," he concludes, "must become modern man. For this to be so, white man and black man in Africa must change and accept change."

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The Writer Is Bound to His Times

DANIEL AARON

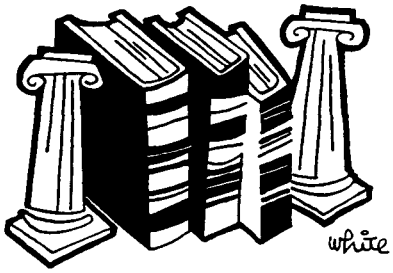
POLITICS AND THE NOVEL, by Irving Howe. *Horizon Press. $3.50* (cloth). *Meridian Books. $1.35* (paper).

Irving Howe has undertaken something more helpful and more difficult than merely adding to the already complex nomenclature of literary terms. His book includes some sharp and original answers to a set of hard questions. What are the effects of the "violent intrusion of politics" on the literary imagination? Why do political ideas stifle some novels and ignite others? By what measures are we to judge the success or failure of a political novel? Political novels, he reminds us, engender more emotional heat than novels dealing with neutral themes: "Politics rakes our passions as nothing else, and whatever we may consent to overlook in reading a novel, we react with an almost demonic rapidity to a detested political opinion." It is only one of the merits of this admirable study that Mr. Howe has not permitted his concern for politics (he is one of the editors of *Dissent*, a quarterly of socialist opinion) to blur his critical literary intelligence.

'Dramatic Integrity'

Although clearly in sympathy with the disenchanted who have renounced "the dogmas of social radicalism" while remaining "faithful to the rebellious and fraternal impulse behind the dogmas," his literary evaluations of selected nineteenth- and twentieth-century novelists are never politically slanted. Indeed, he finds that the best of the political novels—sometimes they are written by the most extreme reactionaries—achieve what he calls a "dramatic integrity" that makes them "at least *seem* free" from the "motivating prejudices" of their authors. Thus Dostoevsky could identify himself with the characters and principles he loathed; Conrad, for all his brilliant perceptions about the radical mentality, rarely broke through the self-erected emotional barriers that separated him from the foolish and wicked revolutionaries he flayed in his books.

Howe's essays on these and other writers (Stendhal, Turgenev, James, Hawthorne, Henry Adams, Malraux, Silone, Koestler, and Orwell) demonstrate how private experience, the historical context, or sheer ignorance can distort the novelist's understanding of social forces. But they also celebrate the power of the balked



but grasping imagination to reveal political truths in nonpolitical terms.

According to Howe, Stendhal was "one of the first to measure history by its effects on the intellectuals as a special, marginal, and imperiled group." Dostoevsky, whose revolutionaries "cannot help being tainted by the societies they would overthrow," dramatized "the values and dangers, the uses and corruptions of systematized thought." Conrad realized that "politics is total: it will create all or destroy all, it provides no exceptions, permits no mercy, offers no haven," and he understood "the threads of the ridiculous as they weave their way through political life."

Turgenev viewed with pity and humor the plight of the well-meaning intellectual consistently misunderstood by the very social victims he would assist. James, whose approach to revolution was aesthetic rather than political, was among the first to set down the by now familiar upper-class fellow traveler, the restless and energetic society woman seeking a new *frisson* by immersing herself in proletarian conspiracies. Hawthorne (and James also) noticed "how the political atmosphere which encourages a freer sexuality also threatens the feminine role."

'Desperate Topicality'

In the twentieth century, Howe believes, and especially after the Russian Revolution, political novelists acquired a knowledge of totalitarian social mechanics that their more talented literary predecessors had only guessed at. But if Silone and Koestler and Malraux and Orwell show a profounder grasp of economic and political forces, if they present the realities of the bureaucratic state more vividly, their personal involvements in the episodes they describe prevent them from attaining the social and imaginative detachment that is indispensable to the literary artist. Malraux and Silone "*are* in their tragedies, their blood and hope are ground into the defeated revolutionaries over which they mourn."

These contemporary novelists, flooded by the immediacy of their times, record the fervors of revolutionary commitment, the intoxication that comes with the immolation of self in a mighty cause, the dilemma of affiliating with a party that devours its children yet without whose direction and ruthless wisdom political acts seem abortive. In the "journalistic" novels of Koestler with their "prefabricated themes" and in the Orwellian nightmare of *1984*, the dark hints and guesses of the nineteenth-century prophets become objectified in men and deeds. Unsuccessful as novels, they are none the less important for their "desperate topicality."

Although *Politics and the Novel* bears down properly on the matter of ideology and the artist, Mr. Howe is by no means insensitive to the subtler literary vibrations. His book is unusual not only because of his unfashionable interest in the interplay of political ideas and literary sensibility, but also because he is a first-rate literary critic.

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Onward and Upward With the Admen

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

ONE CAN think of the American novel as having a kind of basic locale in any given period. In the 1920's it was Gopher Prairie and perhaps also Long Island; in the 1930's it was the various centers of industrial tension and the migrant labor camps; of late it has been Madison Avenue.

The discovery of the adman as the natural subject of the novelist's craft came in the last days of the war, and without doubt the pioneering honors belong to Frederic Wakeman's *The Hucksters*, which made the best-seller lists in 1946. The book also had the basic ingredients of most of the subsequent plots, including all of the bad ones. The hero is a man of great competence in the advertising game. He is deeply cynical, but beneath that cortical cynicism there is a conscience which tells him that he is engaged in a conspiracy against the American people. Why does he remain in it? The answer, of course, is the money. He earns a lot, spends a lot, and couldn't manage on less. And there is no moral way by which he could make as much. So he must mislead the American people on caries and calories and louse up their radio and television shows. He is very sorry and wishes he were writing poetry or a novel. If it were a novel, presumably it would be another one exposing the advertising business.

Then as a parallel and by no means subordinate theme there is sex. As everyone must realize, this is in a great American tradition; with us virtuosity in salesmanship has always been intimately identified with virtuosity in a bedroom or at least in getting unsuspecting ladies into one. The commercial traveler is a great folk figure in our history, and he probably owes more of his fame to the pursuit of women than to the pursuit of customers.

With the rise of modern mass communications, the drummer has been replaced by the copy writer and account executive, but the mores remain unchanged. Wakeman's hero, it will be recalled, persuaded a fine upstanding young Army mother to forget her officer husband, who was absent at the nation's wars, and spend a weekend with him in a Los Angeles fleabag. In the end, however, he rejected her. Wretch though he was, he couldn't ask this pure and lovely person to share his sordid life in an advertising agency.

Wakeman himself also rejected the advertising business, even to the extent of not writing about it any more. He stuck thereafter exclusively to the subject of marital infidelity.

The Dull and the Incredible

The year after *The Hucksters* appeared, a now well-known literary figure came out with a book on the same subject. This was Herman Wouk's *Aurora Dawn*. While serving in the Pacific Wouk had amused himself by writing a novel about the advertising business. His amusement was not widely shared. Andrew Reale, his hero, is less painfully a jerk than Wakeman's Victor Norman. And his love life, if no more plausible, is at least more circumspect. Unfortunately, Andrew is a lad of incomparable dullness. So is nearly everyone else in the book, with the exception of a religious spellbinder who has been brought from the back hills of West Virginia to New York to sell Aurora Dawn soap. He is merely incredible.

Moreover, Mr. Wouk managed to lower what many would consider a total lack of tension by an infinity of coy lectures to the reader after the fashion of a nineteenth-century novel of manners. "Every novel nowadays is supposed to have a purpose, not the purpose of instructive entertainment which was the sole aim of literature for several thousand years until it suddenly obsolesced, but . . ." These homilies, when one encounters them in a

THE BOY WHO NEVER LAUGHS

Little Philippe never laughs. His dark eyes tell of sorrow, misery and hopelessness. He trudges through his poor fishing village begging for scraps of food—filling his basket with bits of firewood.

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period piece, are at least quaint. In Mr. Wouk they are just a waste of time.

Every author is entitled to have at least one bad book forgotten and forgiven, and Mr. Wouk's claim, in light of his later work, is better than most. Last year, however, and one supposes with the author's permission, a new illustrated hard-cover edition was brought out, evidently on the theory that the first had been overlooked because Mr. Wouk was unknown when it was published. It is my general thesis that novels about Madison Avenue are at least as great a potential menace to our culture as the industry they undertake to expose. If Mr. Wouk's book must now be offered as an exhibit, he has only himself to blame.

THE WAKEMAN and Wouk novels first appeared ten years ago. To read them and then turn to the most recent novels on the advertising business would lead even the most sanguine individual to conclude that the standards have been going steadily down. One of two recent products (*Viva Madison Avenue!*, by George Panetta; Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) is about two Italians with a repulsive vernacular who invade the business. They have a wonderfully irresponsible time and are simply the despair of the "Anglo-Saxons" who man the accounts. It is supposed to be hilarious. In fact it is only silly. It is hard to imagine a novel published by a reputable house being without redeeming qualities of any kind, but this one comes close.

The other recent number (*The Wall-to-Wall Trap*, by Morton Freedgood; Simon and Schuster, $3.50) is better. To be completely accurate, it is not about Madison Avenue but Broadway: The hero is the publicity manager for a motion-picture firm, and by the subtle standards of midtown Manhattan this is vaguely less reputable than writing copy for Old Supine. There are amusing touches. As the story opens, the hero is in serious danger of being bounced, which gives one increased confidence in the management of motion-picture companies. However, he saves himself temporarily by a device more than slightly reminiscent of Wouk—he imports from the invaluable State of West Virginia a young girl who has recently had a vision of the Virgin while lying in a grove of trees on a hillside near her home. This makes her ideal for publicizing an otherwise undistinguished film called *Miracle at Mons*. As the result of this coup the hero's job is saved—or it would have been except that *Life*, under a suitable pseudonym, is persuaded to do an enormous take-out on the whole publicity operation. In the course of this it comes out that the girl never saw the Virgin at all. She was in that grove for the precise purpose that mountain girls are supposed to be out under the trees.

All this might seem mildly diverting except that Mr. Freedgood felt impelled to present it as foreground for a deep and enduring tragedy. The hero cannot afford to lose his job because his wife wants wall-to-wall carpeting and soft toilet paper. (Unemployment would also force him to seek the help of a man of mystifying kindness named Willie, from whom he is seeking to be independent.) So it is the same old story: The good man is trapped in the bad business by the money he makes. It isn't very new or really very good, and the sex life of Mr. Freedgood's characters would make even Wakeman's women blush. At least they were amateurs, more or less.

They Aren't All Bad

The literature of the advertising business, however, is not quite as discouraging as this summary might lead one to conclude. Between the earlier and the later crop there were some better books. These included Eric Hodgins's two volumes on the life and times and neuroses of James H. Blandings. In the first of these books (*Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*) the hero was only incidentally an agency man; mostly he was undergoing the trials of an amateur housebuilder. But in the second (*Blandings' Way*) he was fully identified with the highly successful firm of Banton & Dascomb with offices on Madison Avenue. Though at times a trifle episodic, this is by far the best story ever told of life in an advertising agency. The author had studied his subject at close range; he wasn't using the novel to assuage any sense of personal guilt at the reader's expense. His people exist, or could. They talk informatively about the business, and there is about the right amount of satire. It is interesting and amusing and unlike almost all other chroniclers of the agency life, Mr. Hodgins never found it necessary to recapture his audience by tumbling his characters into a bed.

Another redeeming volume appeared last year—John G. Schneider's *The Golden Kazoo* (Rinehart, $3.50), and it is still worth looking for. The subject is the 1960 Presidential campaign—by which time the Democrats have also discovered Madison Avenue and somehow persuaded one of the big agencies to look after their interests. (In 1956 they had great difficulty hiring a firm at all.) As a result, the pros disappear into permanent obsolescence. The candidates do not quite disappear but they are reduced to the purely passive role of the lipstick on the Revlon show. The campaign is almost entirely a contest between the strategists of the two agencies, and the party with the best pitch wins.

I THINK that Mr. Schneider is much too sanguine about the ability of the Democrats to come abreast of the times. The party is still powerfully wedded to the thought that another Jim Farley (the Farley of the myth if not the fact) will come along to give them all the answers on how to win. And the newspapermen, the most nostalgic of all Americans, will always co-operate by giving the build-up to any available individual. So I would guess that the Democratic professionals are good for another campaign or two. In the finest tradition of the party, surveys of issues and public-opinion polls will be taken seriously only when they accord with someone's preconceptions. But I feel certain that the strategists around Richard M. Nixon have memorized every word of the *The Golden Kazoo* and by 1960 will be well beyond it in numerous particulars.

The lesson of Hodgins and Schneider, of course, is that books about advertising, a powerful trend notwithstanding, need not be bad.

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